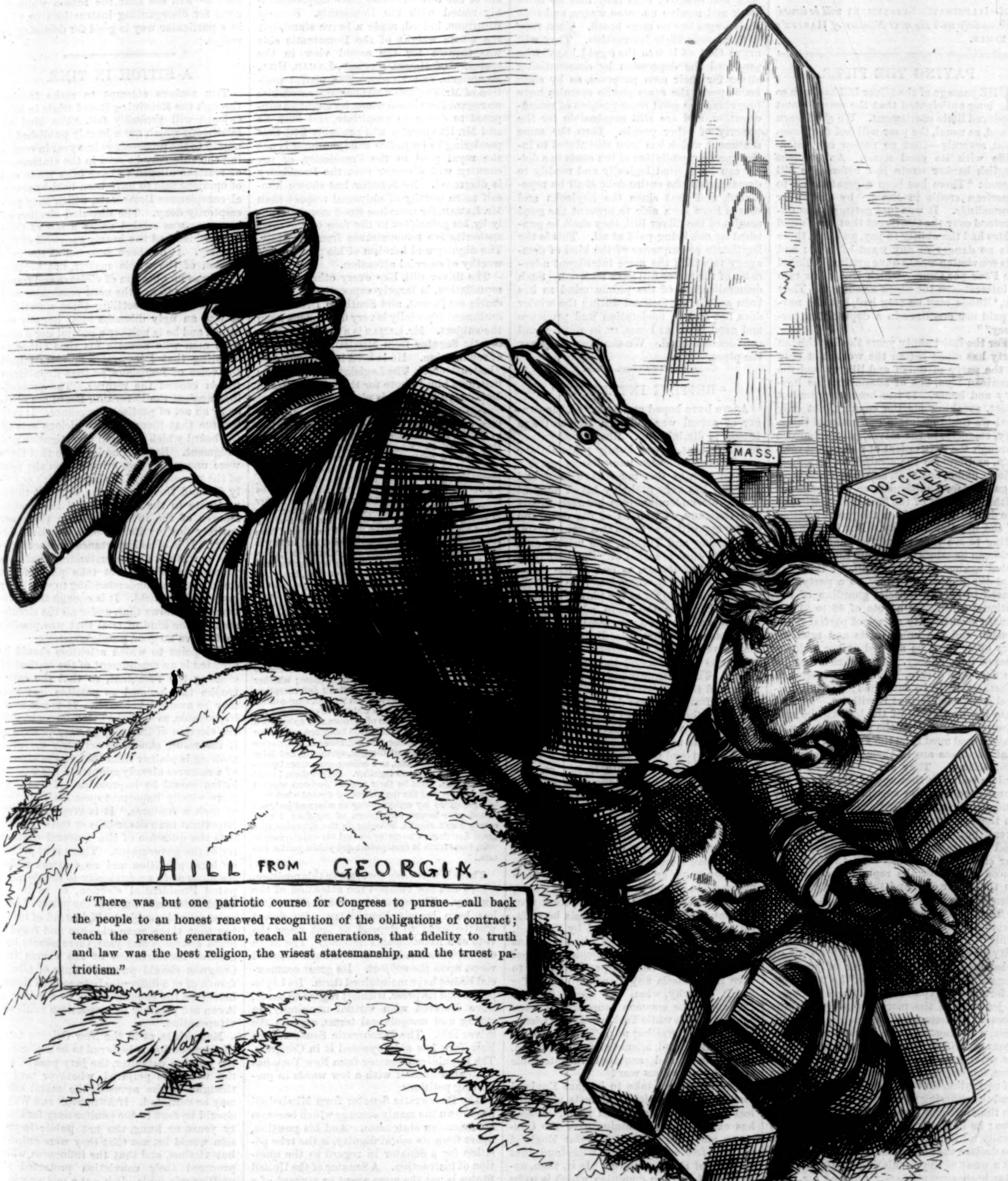
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXII.—No. 1106.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1878, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



"There was but one patriotic course for Congress to pursue—call back the people to an honest renewed recognition of the obligations of contract; teach the present generation, teach all generations, that fidelity to truth and law was the best religion, the wisest statesmanship, and the truest patriotism."

"CRESCIT SUB PONDERE VIRTUS."

THE GENTLEMAN FROM MASSACHUSETTS STUMBLES OVER SOMETHING.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar Postage Free.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, or Harper's Bazar will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, Postage Prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 9, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine double-page engraving, entitled*

"WRECK IN THE OFFING!"

the conclusion of "A Shadow on the Threshold," *and other interesting matter.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

PAYING THE PIPER.

THE passage of the Silver Bill has been so long anticipated that the actual event produced little excitement. We shall learn —and, as usual, the poor will feel the lesson most severely—that no nation can safely trifle with its good name. An eminent English banker wrote, just before the bill passed: "There has been a great shock to American credit in Europe by the silver proceedings. It was just getting to be understood over the Continent that the United States had the ability to pay, and that there was no danger of any want of faith; and this conviction would have gradually placed the Four per Cent.—which was a low rate of interest—on the Stock Exchange. They say, 'Russia may be very bad, but she never paid her creditors in a depreciated currency.'"

For the last twenty years the Republican party has stood before the world not only as the party of union and liberty and the American idea, but of administrative honesty and honor. It has been its proudest boast, speaking for the country, not only that we could maintain our national integrity, emancipate the slaves, pass unharmed through the fiery ordeal of a disputed election, and reunite the strained cords of patriotic union, but that, as we did not raise a gallows for punishment, so we would not withhold a cent of the honest obligation of the debt. This has been the proud position of the Republican party. But it is humiliating to see that there were but four Republican Senators out of New England who voted against the Silver Bill, for it shows that the Republican party, as a party, has ceased to be the especial guardian of the national faith. By a vote of 48 to 21 the Senate consented to an act of partial repudiation, and the inflationists and repudiators of '68 must be amazed at the suddenness of their victory. As we write, there is no doubt of a veto. The only question is whether it will be sustained; and the general conviction is that it will not. In that case the first effect of the bill will be sore disappointment upon the part of those who have hoped most from the measure. Financial questions are in their nature abstruse and difficult. They are very unlike those public concerns that appeal directly to the conscience and the emotions, like slavery and temperance. A strong public interest in them is aroused not by reason and argument, but by bringing them, like slavery and temperance, within the range of popular emotion. This has been the policy of those who favor the repudiation involved in the Silver Bill, and this is the explanation of such popular desire for it as there is.

There has been a long period of industrial depression and of consequent privation. A skillful politician understands his opportunity in such a situation. With an air of wisdom and with professions of profound regard for "the dear people," he puts forth a formula of explanation. There is always a jealousy of the more prosperous in the breasts of those who are less so, and, with this, a feeling that the holders of government securities are somehow an aristocracy or privileged class. A demagogue, therefore, has only to insist, with an appearance of reasoning, that the depression of business and the suffering of the poorer class are due to the craft and greed of the more prosperous; he has only to stigmatize property as really a kind of theft, and in this instance to declare that the actual cause of suffering is a want of the circulating medium, which has been surreptitiously reduced for their own purposes by the prosperous conspirators, who are "bloated" and "sharks" and "bugs" and mere vermin, consuming what really belongs to others who are less fortunate in knowing how to keep it, and the demagogue has his party at his heels demanding an increase of the circulating medium, not because it comprehends financial reasoning, but because it is out of work and is jealous of capital, and is told that capitalists are its enemies. This is the chief source of the feeling. But the excitement in this instance has been swelled by two other causes: first, the sincere conviction of some persons that a bimetallic standard is desirable, and that it can be obtained in this summary manner; and second, the consciousness of politicians that, right or wrong, the cry is popular, and that they must fall in with it. All these combined have produced the result.

But those poor men who sincerely believe that the remonetization of silver will put money in their pockets are infallibly doomed to disappointment. They now think, perhaps, that somehow the result is a triumph over the bloated bondholders, and that they themselves will presently be richer. But they will discover that they find no more work and receive no more wages, and that their wages buy no more bread. Then they will improve their instruction. They will argue that as it was the "gold bugs" who produced the depression by demonetizing silver for their own purposes, so by some hocus-pocus the same public enemies have prevented the good consequences of remonetization, and are still responsible for the poverty of other people. Thus the same sentiment which has been stimulated to insist upon a repudiation of ten cents in a dollar can be excited logically and readily to demand that the entire debt shall be repudiated, and that since the Shylocks and sharks have been able to prevent the good results of the Silver Bill, they shall be punished by not being paid at all. This is the legitimate consequence of the kind of demagogy to which the more intelligent advocates of the Silver Bill have resorted. Such demoralization of the public mind as has been sedulously fostered during the winter does not end in moderation and prudence and good sense at home, or in respect and confidence abroad. We shall certainly pay the piper.

"BRITISH INTERESTS."

As we have hoped and expected, the danger of actual war between England and Russia is diminishing. Russia had gained so much that it was hardly probable she would care to enter immediately upon a general war, as this must have been, and England has very probably taken account of possible understandings between Russia and Germany, as well as of the deep and strong opposition at home to a war to maintain Turkey and Turkish rule merely as a barrier to the extension of "the desolating despotism" of Russia, as one of the correspondents called it, whose letter we published last week. So far as the phrase "British interests" means the mere advantage of British trade, it has a very local and limited importance. In that sense British interests may have required the career of Clive and Hastings in India, and the opium war in China. They certainly in that sense do not command the sympathy or approval of the world. But the phrase derives its only dignity from the turn given to it by the correspondent to whom we have referred, who interprets it to mean free popular government as opposed to an autocracy.

But to justify war with Russia on this ground is to take a very dangerous position. The argument is that the extension of Russian dominion threatens liberty, and that it may be resisted, therefore, justifiably. The consequences of such an assertion are, however, intolerable, for it would equally justify an assault upon Russia at home to prevent her amassing and organizing the force necessary to extend her dominion. It would, in fact, lead to general and perpetual war. Besides, if the extension of Russia be so fatal to the liberty represented by England, why did not England unite with Europe at the Conference of Constantinople to compel Turkey to good behavior, and thereby to take from Russia any plausible excuse for war? Or why, when war began, did not England make common cause with Turkey against Russia while Turkey was still friendly, instead of waiting until Turkey was totally ruined and alienated from England, and Russia had acquired incontestable rights by victorious war?

The reason we take to be that England understands by British interests not political liberty, but trade with India. Russia has extended her dominion over the Caucasus and into Turkestan. But England did not feel summoned to withstand that increase of Russian power. Is it, then, extension of Russian dominion which is to be opposed, or extension toward the British route to India? If there were any reason to suppose that Russia really menaced liberty in Europe, like the Holy Alliance after the wars of Napoleon, there would be a stronger sympathy with the argument of those who plead for British interests as "the cause of human nature." But nothing is more natural than the pressure of Russia for a southern outlet, and for a free passage to and from the Black Sea. The conference can hardly fail to promote that natural desire. Under whatever guarantees the Dardanelles may be placed, there is no doubt that the absolute restriction upon the passage of Russian war ships will be virtually removed. Indeed, the Congress about to assemble will be one of the most interesting and important ever held. Russia has suggested that the United States should be represented in it. But doubtless we shall not depart from our wise policy of declining participation in European politics.

SENATOR LAMAR.

THE honors of the silver debate and of the defense of the national faith in the Senate of the United States have unquestionably rested with the Democrats. Senator Edmunds, indeed, made a brave stand, but the whole weight of the Democratic side was thrown for the sound view in the speeches of Messrs. Bayard, Lamar, Hill, Randolph, and Eaton. The pitiful position of Mr. Thurman has certainly won him no regard from those whom he might be supposed to desire to propitiate, and both he and Mr. Hendricks will probably find that pandering to prejudice and ignorance is not the royal road to the Presidency, or the country will discover that the Presidency is disgraced. No Senator has shown himself more worthy of universal respect than Mr. Lamar, for none has stood more manfully by his principles in the face of the most authoritative remonstrance from his State. The dignity and heroism of his position are worthy of especial attention.

The Silver Bill, like every other form of repudiation, is largely supported by Democratic sentiment, and Southern Democratic sentiment especially is very unanimous upon the subject. Mr. Lamar is a Southern Democratic Senator from Mississippi, the State of repudiation. He is bred in the school of "instructions." The Legislature of his State instructs him to vote for the Silver Bill, and Mr. Lamar says, in his place:

> "Between these resolutions and my convictions there is a great gulf. I can not pass it. Of my love to the State of Mississippi I will not speak. My life alone can tell it. My gratitude for all the honor her people have done me no words can express. I am best proving it by doing to-day what I think their true interests and their character require me to do. During my life in that State it has been my privilege to assist the education of more than one generation of her youth, to have given the impulse to wave after wave of young manhood that has passed into the troubled sea of her social and political life. Upon them I have always endeavored to impress the belief that truth was better than falsehood, honesty better than policy, courage better than cowardice. To-day my lessons confront me. To-day I must be true or false, honest or cunning, faithful or unfaithful, to my people, even in this hour of their legislative displeasure and disapprobation. I can not vote as these resolutions direct. I can not and will not shrink the responsibility which my position imposes. My duty, as I see it, I will do, and I will vote against this bill. When that is done, my responsibility is ended. My reasons for my vote shall be given to my people. Then it will be for them to determine if adherence to my honest convictions has disqualified me from representing them; whether a difference of opinion upon a difficult and complicated subject to which I have given patient, long-continued, conscientious study, to which I have brought entire honesty and singleness of purpose, and upon which I have spent whatever ability God has given me, is now to separate us; whether this difference is to override that complete union of thought, sympathy, and hope which on all other, and, as I believe, even more important subjects, binds us together. Before them I must stand or fall. But be their present decision what it may, I know that the time is not far distant when they will recognize my action to-day as wise and just, and armed with honest convictions of my duty, I shall calmly await results, believing in the utterance of a great American, who never trusted his countrymen in vain, that 'truth is omnipotent and public justice certain.'"

There is a striking contrast to this position, which has not escaped the attention of the country. The opposition to the Silver Bill has been largely Republican. Its defeat was believed to depend at last upon the veto of a Republican President. The State of New York has been the bulwark of sound views upon the subject. Its great commercial bodies have maintained them. Its Legislature and its press, without regard to party, have declared with virtual unanimity, in strong and unequivocal terms, against the Silver Bill. The Democratic Senator from New York has ably opposed it in Congress. The Republican Senator from New York has contented himself with a few words in presenting petitions.

The Democratic Senator from Mississippi has shown the manly courage which becomes an American statesman. And his position, apart from its moral dignity, is the true position for a Senator in regard to the question of instruction. A Senator of the United States is not the mere agent or servant of a State Legislature, or it would be his duty to resign whenever the Legislature changed its party majority. It is not often, however, that a Senator has disregarded the instruction of the Legislature of his State. John Quincy Adams, indeed, when he was a Senator in Congress, carried deference to the will of the Legislature so far as to resign because the Massachusetts Legislature passed resolutions disapproving Mr. Jefferson's embargo, for which he had voted. Mr. Adams stated that he did so in order to give the Legislature an opportunity to place in the Senate a member whose views were more coincident with its own. He was unquestionably wrong. This principle disregards the fact that a Senator has been, as Mr. Webster said, selected by his State as a referee, and he has no right to bend his judgment to the requirements of his client. The principle also strikes fatally at the stability which is the very object sought by the long Senatorial term, and would convert every annual State election into a Senatorial contest. Should Mr. Lamar be requested by the Legislature of Mississippi to resign, he may perhaps yield to the strong and general public feeling of his State. But we trust that he will see that the reason which is good for disregarding instructions to vote in a particular way is good for declining to resign.

A STITCH IN TIME.

THE zealous attempt to make trouble through the Returning Board trials in New Orleans will probably fail. The kind of falsehoods which are solemnly published in regard to the proceedings last year in counting the vote may be seen in the statements of remarks alleged to have been made and of opinions said to have been held by several conspicuous Democrats, which they peremptorily deny. The disputed election of last year was settled under a law of Congress which had the hearty approval of the country. It has been accepted as the conclusion of the whole matter, not because there was no question of violence and fraud, but because it was the most reasonable and patriotic way of settling those questions. It was an ugly dilemma most happily escaped, and he is neither a patriot nor a sensible man who devotes his time either to insisting that Democratic murders stifled the voice of Louisiana, or that Republican frauds cooked the returns. The proceedings against the Returning Board are obviously an act of partisan vengeance. It may be true that there were suspicious acts of the board which required investigation and judgment. But it is no less true that there were unquestionable crimes upon the part of the prosecutors of the board which equally demand them, while the care not to investigate in the one case and the circumstances of the investigation in the other entirely destroy its value as a judicial inquiry. It is of no importance whether there was or was not an understanding that such proceedings should not take place, for it could not be an understanding to which any body could be held. It is enough that common-sense shows that, under all the circumstances, the kind of trial that was possible could have no good public effect.

The point to which attention should be directed is an amendment of the method of electing the President, so that the catastrophe that seemed so possible last year may be avoided hereafter. It is not at all improbable, as we have heretofore said, that the election of 1880 may be very close. But if the result should be seriously disputed, nothing is plainer than that, in the absence of a resource already adopted, a peaceful solution would be improbable. There is no more vitally important question than that of such a resource. It is very much more important than silver bills or tariff bills, for it is the question of the peaceful continuity of the government. There is at present no legal provision and no common understanding as to an authority to decide a disputed Presidential election, or as to the exact nature and limits of the power of Congress over the subject. If, instead of insisting that there were violence and fraud in State elections last year, there should be a general consideration of the course that Congress should pursue in case of alleged frauds or of a difference between the Houses hereafter, the country would be a gainer, as it can not possibly be by partisan trials and vituperation.

Meanwhile, as in the New Orleans trials the prosecution is believed to be malignant, the judge a defaulter, the jury packed, and the witnesses perjured, whatever may be thought of the accused, the moral effect may be surmised. If Anderson and Wells should be sent to the penitentiary for twenty years, or hung, the net public impression would be, not that they were culprits, but victims, and that the influences which procured their conviction protected the guiltier criminals. It is not a matter which would authorize national interference, of course, but it would stimulate a national feeling very rapidly. This is for every reason to be deprecated, and the aim of all who would placate rather than exasperate sectional jealousy is to demand speedy amendment of the method of deciding a disputed election.

DISTRUST OF THE PEOPLE.

It is to be hoped that the Republican majority of the Legislature of New York will not be afraid to ask the people of the State whether they wish the Constitution to be amended in accordance with the recommendations of the Constitutional Commission. The last Legislature approved the recommendation, and the kind of opposition that has been made to some of the proposed changes ought not to frighten intelligent men from submitting the question to popular decision. That is all that is asked. The Legislature expresses no opinion upon the merits of the amendments by deciding to submit them. It merely conforms to the fair requirements of the situation. For when a commission has been appointed for the purpose of considering what changes in the Constitution may be necessary, and after long and careful deliberation has decided to suggest certain reforms, it is obviously the moral contemplation of the whole proceeding that the people shall have the opportunity of considering and passing upon them. Upon familiar principles of constitutional changes the Legislature ought not to interfere by inaction or by adverse action. The reference to the Legislature was certainly not designed as a final decision, but as a method of careful review, so that if any thing inconsistent or palpably wrong were discovered in the propositions, the course of action might be arrested. But this is not asserted in the present case.

So far as appears, the only plea offered for non-action is, not that there are not a great many most desirable suggestions in the scheme which every body wishes to see adopted, but that there is one proposition which the people will certainly disapprove. But if any legislator thinks that it ought to be disapproved, he should naturally desire that it should be rejected by the popular vote of which he is so confident. So long as he hesitates to submit it, he shows that he is not certain of the immense popular disapproval which he declares to exist. The only point in the scheme which has been seriously assailed is that which provides a Board of Finance in cities to supervise the expenditures, and to be elected by tax and rent payers. There has been a great deal of cheap demagogy expended upon this proposition as a disfranchisement of the poor man. But, as we have often pointed out, the real question is for the people themselves to decide whether it is not for the general advantage that certain important positions shall be filled in one way rather than in another. So long as the people elect those who make the laws, and decide for themselves upon the best methods of administration, their liberties are in no danger. The people of States who authorize the appointment of judges by the Governor and Senate or Council, to serve during good behavior, are quite as free and unrobbed of rights as those in other States who decide to elect them periodically. They elect, indeed, the Governor who appoints, but in this case they as directly authorize the election by a body of tax-payers of those who lay taxes and supervise expenditure.

But the merits of the case, the reason of the propositions, are matters to be argued before the people, and those who are so solicitous that the people should not be defrauded of their rights might profitably reflect that one of their rights is to pass upon every proposal which they have authorized for the amendment of their Constitution.

MISS DICKIE'S CASE.

The recent disclosures in regard to the incarceration of Miss Susan Dickie, a perfectly sane woman, in a lunatic asylum for more than six years, are startling, and may well arouse the public mind to the truth, which is well known to those who have been led by sympathy with the wretched to investigate, that our treatment of the insane is very often most painful and monstrous. Under existing laws two physicians may certify that a person is insane, and upon the approval of the certificate by the court, the alleged lunatic is sent to the asylum. As Judge Brady in his manly and admirable decision upon Miss Dickie's case says, instant confinement in some cases may be necessary, but to make the restraint indefinite there should be the most careful and intelligent and reiterated examination. There can be no fate more terrible than to be immured, sane, in an insane asylum, and this is curiously illustrated by the evidence elicited in the Dickie case. It appears that the attendants in lunatic asylums are mentally affected by the constant contact and intercourse with the insane, and themselves become somewhat deranged. No stronger proof of the peculiarly sane temperament of Miss Dickie could be found than the fact that she has endured her awful ordeal unharmed.

Judge Brady sensibly suggests that a person when sent to an asylum should be separated, for a time at least, from constant association with the undoubtedly insane, because temporary alienation is certainly not benefited, and may be seriously aggravated, by such contact. Indeed, every glimpse of the details of the subject shows more impressively the necessity of a thorough and incessant supervision of all institutions for the care of these most unhappy fellow-creatures. The experiences of those who insist upon exploring the recesses of county poor-houses and ascertaining the actual situation of the insane poor are harrowing, and that insane paupers in these institutions multiply themselves is one of the astounding facts disclosed in the report of the secretary of the Board of Charities, to which we recently called attention.

It is greatly to be wished that some of the earnest and devoted zeal which is expended upon what are called heathen in foreign lands could be turned to the relief of some of the unspeakable suffering among ourselves. There is boundless opportunity in and around the city of New York, and in all other great centres of population, and, indeed, in every rural county, for all who wish to succor their fellow-beings. The abuses and defects of the law, for instance, which permit so abominable an outrage as that of the imprisonment as a witness of the innocent victim of crime in Richmond County to which we alluded the other day, may be discovered, exposed, and remedied by intelligent and tenacious effort in every county. The *Evening Telegram*, in speaking of the same case, mentions one not less striking in Massachusetts, where an Italian sailor, ashore upon good-behavior leave, chanced to see an affray, was arrested, imprisoned as a felon, left by his ship, which reported him as a deserter, and was totally helpless under a cruel oppression, which was yet strictly legal. If some of the gentlemen in Albany who are so anxious to earn an honorable distinction would engage in a little practical reform of non-political abuses that are monstrous and abundant, they would earn the gratitude of the most humane and intelligent of their constituents.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Leander I. M'Cormick, of Chicago, has offered his great telescope to the Virginia Legislature for the State University at Charlottesville. The Legislature are discussing a bill to provide for accepting the gift, and to erect an observatory for it at a cost of $30,000.

—Lord Beaconsfield has conferred the order of the Star of India on Mr. Edwin Arnold, editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*. On the morning after the fall of Plevna that journal issued an edition of 296,000 copies.

—Young ladies in London are singing a song written by Lord Dunmore, who is also a violinist, and one of the few who ever took up the violin after one-and-twenty and mastered it sufficiently to play in all the classical quartettes, even under the *bâton* of Costa. His kinsman the Duke of Athol is right good on the bagpipes.

—It was a remarkable scene in the Hall of the House of Representatives on the 12th of February, after the Senate of the United States had entered in procession and taken the seats assigned to them in front of the Speaker's chair, to see the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, ex-Vice-President of the Confederate States, in his rolling chair (he is unable to speak standing, as Senator Morton was), wheeling it gracefully from point to point so as to command a view of every side of the House and the galleries, and delivering an extemporaneous speech on the memory of Abraham Lincoln. The occasion was the presentation to Congress of Carpenter's large picture of Lincoln signing the Proclamation of Emancipation. It is said of Mr. Stephens, who is now sixty-six, and has for thirty years been an invalid, that he is dead up to his shoulders. Yet on this occasion his voice was as clear and ringing, his eloquence as fervid, and his poetical quotations as apt and perfect as they were when he was in his prime, thirty years ago.

—Soon after the death of John Stuart Mill, a committee, including Lord Derby, Professors Tyndall and Huxley, and others, was formed to erect a statue to his memory. This has recently been completed in bronze, set up on the Thames Embankment, and dedicated. The committee has on hand a surplus of $2,500, which will be devoted to some educational work in connection with Mr. Mill's memory.

—The two conspicuous officials of the British House of Commons are thus sketched in a recent letter from London to the Philadelphia *Press*: "The Speaker of the House, Mr. Brand, has an immense establishment, his dining-room alone seating a hundred persons. He is a Liberal in politics, but is so fair and just that the Conservatives do not distrust him. He is about sixty-four, and has filled many high positions, among them Lord of the Treasury and Keeper of the Seal for the Prince of Wales. He was the Liberal 'whip' for nine years, and is always elected to the House as an avowed Liberal. He is so impartial in his rulings that, a few years ago, when one of the Irish members taunted him with being otherwise, both Disraeli and Gladstone came to his rescue. The Clerk of the House of Commons, Sir Erskine May, whom I have met, and to whom I am indebted for a seat in the Speaker's Gallery, is as distinguished as the Speaker, though he has never been in Parliament. His literary works have taken the highest rank, and that on *The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III.* has attained a large circulation in America. His last book, on *Democracy in Europe*, much commended by the press, will be as warmly welcomed there as it is here. His other publications have been generally devoted to Parliamentary law. He is about sixty-three, and began his career as an assistant librarian in the House of Commons in 1831."

—General Robert Toombs says that for forty years past tea-culture has been successfully carried on in some parts of Georgia. The "tea-trees" were planted by Dr. L'Acee, who failed because he didn't understand the treatment of the leaves. When this knowledge shall be attained, and it is being attained gradually, Georgia will produce tea equal in all respects to that of China.

—One of the most interesting paragraphs in Peter Harvey's *Reminiscences of Daniel Webster* refers to a small memorandum-book in which Mr. Webster jotted down several of the largest fees he received during the most active years of his practice. They dwindle almost to nothingness when compared with enormous fees received by several prominent lawyers of this city. In the year 1834 his fees amounted to $13,140; in 1835, to $15,183 74; in 1836, to $21,793. These sums included his Congressional pay. The highest fee recorded during this period was $7500, "in the New Orleans case;" the next highest is $3060, "in Florida land case, instead of land;" the next, $2250 in case of the United States Bank. The smallest fee recorded is $20, which occurs twice. The fees generally range between that sum and $500.

—The new Prime Minister of Turkey, Achmet Vefik Pasha, is about sixty years old, and passionately fond of his garden and books. His library contains seven or eight thousand choice books and manuscripts, and it is the only private library in Constantinople.

—The new and superb mansion, or palace, as many people call it, erected by Mr. Albert Grant in London, has been bought by Mr. Mackey, the California millionaire, and will soon be occupied by Mrs. Mackey and her daughter. The wealth of the famous firm of Mackey, Flood, Fair, & O'Brien is said to be nearly if not quite $600,000,000—at least it pays an interest of seven per cent. on that amount. Most of this wealth has been taken from the Comstock lode, which was discovered twenty years ago by James Thompson, a Swede, who carried the mails over the Placerville Mountains on snow-shoes as often as the weather would permit.

—The new United States Senator from Indiana, Daniel W. Voorhees, is considered one of the foremost criminal lawyers in the Northwest, and a very attractive popular speaker. He is six feet one inch tall, and weighs about 220 pounds. He is called the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash;" has a large head, large face, large shoulders, and a large heart. He wears a mouth-muzzling style of beard, like the late Charles Dickens. His head is well thatched with a thick and heavy coat of dark red hair. Eyes, hair, and beard seem to be all of the same hue. He usually has a sombre, thoughtful look, and as he sits in the Senate, or wherever he is seen, at once attracts attention.

—Ten years ago one of the remarkable singers of this city was Master Richard Coker, whose voice was the chief one in the choral service at Trinity Church. He has since developed into a powerful barytone, and has recently made a successful *début* in Lucca, Italy, as Alfonso in *La Favorita*. The local papers give him high praise.

—Colonel Purdy, a son of ex-Governor Purdy, of California, has just been promoted by the Khedive from the grade of Bey to that of Pasha. During our own war Colonel Purdy was Assistant Adjutant-General on General Franklin's staff. He accompanied General Stone to Egypt, and his rapid promotion there has been due to his opportunities of constant service and to the skill and ability which they have disclosed. Purdy Pasha has but recently returned to Cairo, after an absence of eighteen months in command of an expedition sent out for scientific purposes.

—Skobeleff, the young Russian general who has acquired such great fame, is only thirty-three. On the battle-field he is a lion, and when ordered to retreat, puts his sword in its sheath and sends his horse ahead. He is a very religious man. "One can not face death boldly," he says, "who is not a believer in God, and who is without hope of a better world." He leads the soldiers in prayer, and joins in their peculiar chant, which is said to be very touching. He is as modest as he is brave, and when fresh from the field of battle, begrimed and ragged, he always talks of what others have been doing, making no reference to his own exploits.

—Mrs. A. T. Stewart is said to own the largest single diamond in the United States, and its value is $35,000.

—The little mannerisms of Lord Beaconsfield are always graceful, and attract the eye, while his dynamics of epigram and repartee enchain the ear. In his old days in the Commons Mr. Disraeli was nothing if not satirical. His *mot* concerning his superlatively conscienced opponent—viz., that he is a man without one redeeming vice—has never been surpassed in the chronicles of wit, and it may be added that not half who heard it uttered half appreciated the depth of its sting. Moreover, Lord Beaconsfield, with his careful and rather quaint toilet, his deliberate and almost artificial utterance, his quick eye and supple gesture, multiplies the *verve* of his sarcasms. He seems to be impressed by the circumstance of his standing before a great multitude of minds, who will read, though they hear not his spoken words, and the thought gives him the polish and self-command of a consummate actor. He never converted the House of Commons into a college lecture-room or a Codgers' Hall. He has invariably spoken like a cultured cosmopolite, not like a blaring Briton of the Bright variety, still less like an Oxford coach about to expound the Predicables or the ten Categories. In the memoirs of Lord Melbourne, recently published, this anecdote is given: When young, and before he had entered Parliament, Disraeli met, at Mrs. Norton's, Lord Melbourne, then Home Secretary, who talked with him for a long time. Lord M. was attracted by the language and spirit of the youthful politician, and thought to himself that he would be worth serving. Abruptly, but with a tone of kindness which took away an air of assumption, he said, "Well, now, tell me what you want to be." The quiet gravity of the reply fairly startled him—"I want to be Prime Minister."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: Senator Hoar, February 18, introduced a bill to encourage the formation of free public libraries. It provides that when any public library shall prove to the satisfaction of the Secretary of the Interior that it contains 10,000 volumes, and is free for the use of the public under reasonable regulations, it shall be entitled to receive a copy of every public document or other book printed for public distribution. The President approved the joint resolution declaring that a reduction of the tax on distilled spirits is inexpedient. Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, introduced a bill to re-instate certain officers of the United States army. It provides that all officers of the United States army who served therein more than twenty years continuously, and served also during the late rebellion, and who were wounded and brevetted for gallant service in the field and in action, and who were honorably mustered out of the service under section 12, act of July 15, 1870, be re-instated and retired as of the date they were respectively mustered out.—The Senate, on the 19th, passed a bill granting pensions to all the soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812 who served for fourteen days.—On the 20th, the Senate passed the bill to regulate the pay of postmasters, with an amendment reviving the franking privilege. The amendment allows the President, Vice-President, and members of Congress to frank all written and printed communications not exceeding two ounces in weight. A bill was reported in the Senate to transfer the life-saving service from the Treasury to the Navy Department. The House, by a party vote, unseated Mr. Darrall (Republican), of Louisiana, and swore in Mr. Acklin (Democrat) in his place.—The House, on the 21st, concurred in the Senate amendments to the Silver Bill, the vote on a motion to lay the bill on the table being 72 to 204, or 20 more than a two-third majority in its favor. The Senate confirmed Judge Northup as United States District Attorney for South Carolina, and R. F. Smith Collector of Customs at Mobile. The President, in a message to Congress, gives the cost of the Sioux war at $2,312,531. The losses of our troops were, 16 officers and 267 men killed, and 2 officers and 123 men wounded.

Governor Robinson, of this State, February 20, recommended the removal of John F. Smyth, State Superintendent of Insurance.

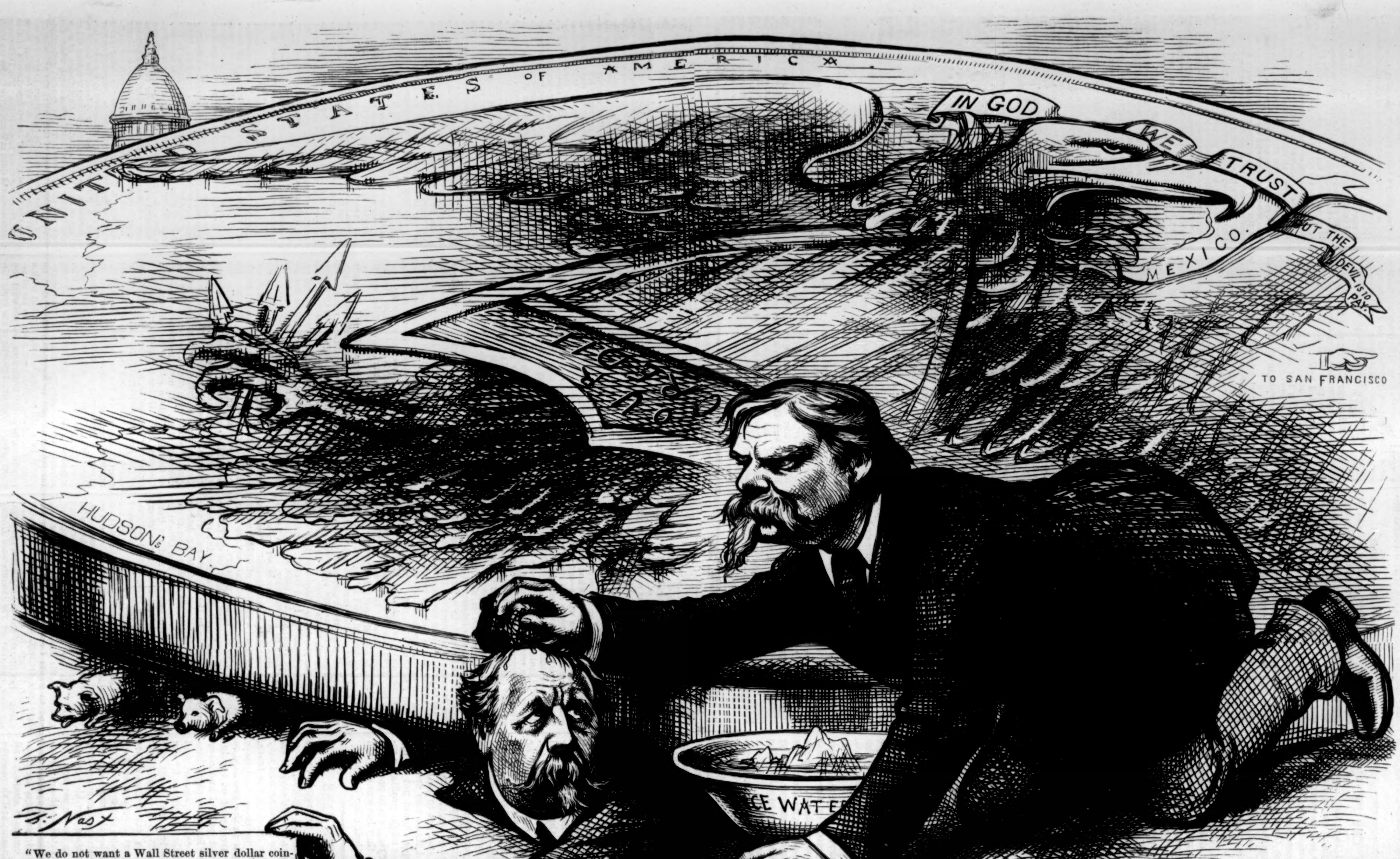
The Indiana Democratic State Convention met at Indianapolis, February 20, and nominated, for Secretary of State, J. G. Shanklin; Auditor, Mahlin D. Manson; Treasurer, William Fleming; Attorney-General, T. W. Woollen; Superintendent of Public Instruction, J. H. Smart. The platform asks for legal-tender notes in place of bank-notes; revives the doctrine of the payment of the bonds in greenbacks; opposes refunding the debt abroad; favors a usury law fixing interest at six per cent.; demands unlimited silver legal tender, with all the profits to the bullion owners; demands the unconditional and immediate repeal of the Resumption Act, the repeal of the Bankrupt Act, and the limitation of the jurisdiction of Federal courts; opposes subsidies, and "denounces" the installation of Mr. Hayes as a "crime."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: The British fleet, February 16, was withdrawn from Princes' Islands, and moved to Moudania Bay, forty miles below Constantinople. Lord Derby's explanation of the change is that Moudania Bay affords a better anchorage and easier telegraphic communication with Constantinople. The movement, he said, was not due to any negotiations.—Russia has promised not to occupy any portion of the peninsula of Gallipoli, or the Boulair lines, or the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, and England, in turn, undertakes not to land troops at Gallipoli or on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles.—Baden-Baden has been agreed upon as the place of meeting of the Congress of the powers.—The Greeks have again crossed the frontier. The insurgents are taking possession of the block-houses and strongholds under the flag of union with Greece.—Server Pasha has resigned the Foreign Office. He will be succeeded by Safvet Pasha.—The Turks began evacuating Erzerum February 17, and the Russians occupied Rustchuk on the 20th.

The position of Germany and Austria on the Eastern question was officially declared to their Parliaments, February 19. Prince Bismarck, defining Germany's position, said the apprehensions regarding the Dardanelles were not justified by the actual situation. He did not believe in a European war, as the powers who would oppose Russia would have to assume the responsibility of the legacy left by Turkey. A Russian official communication made it certain that the chief interest of Germany, viz., the freedom of waterways, such as the straits and the Danube, for commerce, would be maintained. Germany had no wish to act as arbiter in the pending conflict. All her ambition was confined to the modest task of a broker who settled a bargain between different parties. Germany was on most friendly terms with Russia and Austria, and had not a single interest, except friendly rivalry in trade, antagonistic to England. This enabled her to mediate, and she does not intend to throw her power into the balance. He hoped that peace would be maintained. Indeed, he could hardly conceive that fresh complications would arise; but should they, he would not advise the Emperor to go to war, except in harmony with the Federal Council, the Imperial Parliament, and the German nation. Only for German interests, German independence, would he advise the Emperor to draw the sword.—Prince Auersperg, President of the Austrian Council of Ministers, in reply to an interpellation in the Lower House of the Reichsrath, said the government, on being informed of the preliminaries of peace, frankly stated its position regarding them, declaring it could not consider as binding any arrangement between the belligerents affecting the interests of this monarchy or the rights of the signatories of the Treaty of Paris as long as such arrangements were not agreed to by the powers. At the same time, the government took the initiative in the convocation of a European Conference. The stand-point of the government regarding the peace bases and its proposal for the assembly of the Conference were accepted by all the cabinets. Russia declared in favor of a Congress, not a Conference, and that it should not meet in the capital of any signatory state. Negotiations on this subject were approaching a conclusion. An early meeting of the Congress was expected, consequently the government was not in a position to make a detailed statement of its views. It was bound, however, to declare generally that it could not regard some of the peace stipulations as consonant with the interests of the monarchy. This reservation did not apply to the amelioration of the condition of the Christians, but to such provisions as might involve alteration of the balance of power in the East to the detriment of Austria.

The Havana *Official Gazette* announces the following conditions of peace, to which all the insurgent chiefs are said to have given their adhesion: Article 1. The Island of Cuba to receive the same political organization and administrative concessions as enjoyed by Porto Rico. 2. Ample pardon for all political offenses committed since 1868, and liberty for those persons under sentence and political prisoners, and a general pardon to deserters from the Spanish lines. 3. Liberty to be given to slaves and Chinamen within the insurgent lines. 4. No person recognizing by virtue of this treaty the Spanish authority can be obliged to do war service unless peace be re-established in the whole territory. 5. All persons desiring to leave the island to be furnished means to do so, without touching either village or city, if so desired. 6. Capitulation of each force to take place on uninhabited spots, where the arms will be deposited. 7. The Spanish general-in-chief, for the purpose of facilitating the adhesion of other departments to these conditions, to give free access to roads by sea and land. 8. The foregoing bases to be considered general for all departments of this island accepting these propositions. The Diplomatic Commissioner of Cuba at Washington denies the truth of this report.


UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
IN GOD WE TRUST
UT THE DEVIL IS TO PAY
MEXICO
TO SAN FRANCISCO
HUDSON'S BAY
CE WATE
Th. Nast

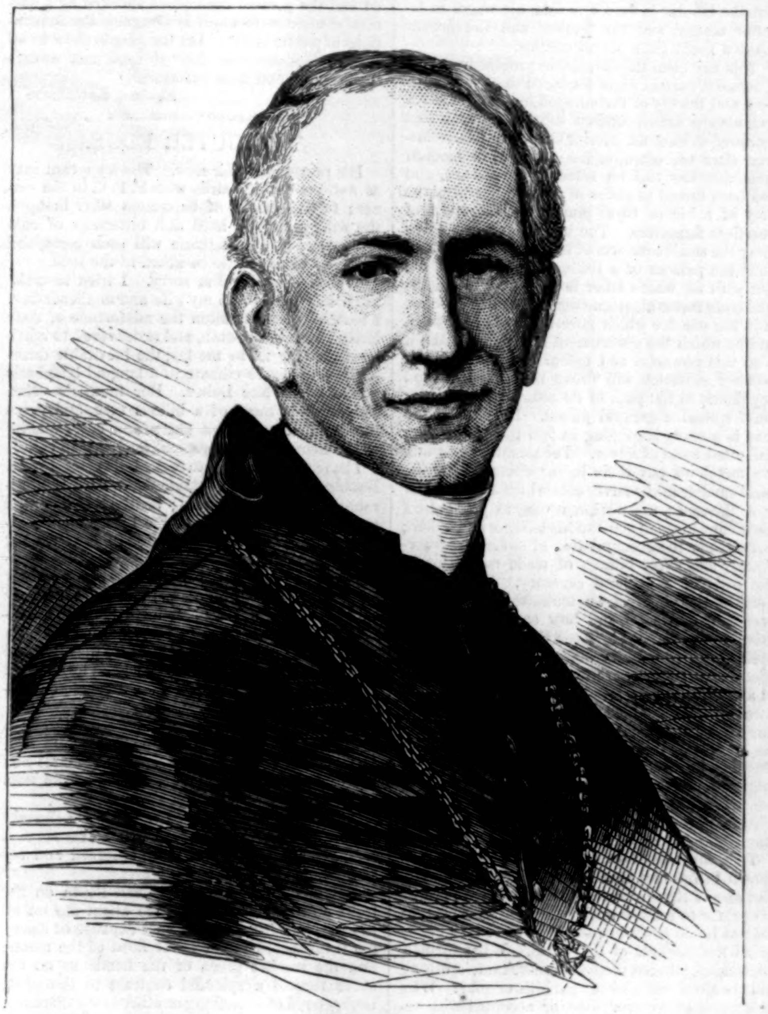
"We do not want a Wall Street silver dollar coined, but a people's silver dollar—a Mississippi Valley dollar—a dollar with an eagle on it, whose right wing shall fan Washington city, while his left wafts the dust along the streets of San Francisco, and his tail spreading over Hudson's Bay, while his beak is dredging the mud islands from the stream between the jetties at South Pass."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Universal suffrage can, if it likes, repudiate the whole debt; it can, if it likes, decree soft soap to be currency."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THAT DOLLAR.

Aquarius. "Now don't you think Soft Soap would not have been quite so heavy, after all?"

POPE LEO THE THIRTEENTH.



POPE LEO XIII.

Contrary to all expectation, the Papal Conclave which assembled in the Vatican on the 18th of February to choose a successor to the late Pope did not keep the world long in suspense. The first ballot was taken on the 19th. The smoke of burning ballot paper was observed in the afternoon, showing that no one had obtained the necessary majority. Another unsuccessful ballot was had the same day. On the third ballot, taken between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 20th, Cardinal Gioachino Pecci received 36 votes, which was five short of the requisite two-thirds majority. When the voting was completed and the ballots burned, Cardinal Franchi and those holding the same views with him advanced and knelt before Cardinal Pecci. This example being followed by others, Cardinal Pecci's election was accomplished by the method known as "by adoration." The new Pope assumed the title of Leo XIII.

The announcement, made from the Vatican with the prescribed formalities and ceremonies, created intense excitement, although it had been accepted as a foregone conclusion that an Italian Cardinal would be the choice of the Conclave, and it was no secret that Cardinal Pecci was the first choice of influential members of the Sacred College.

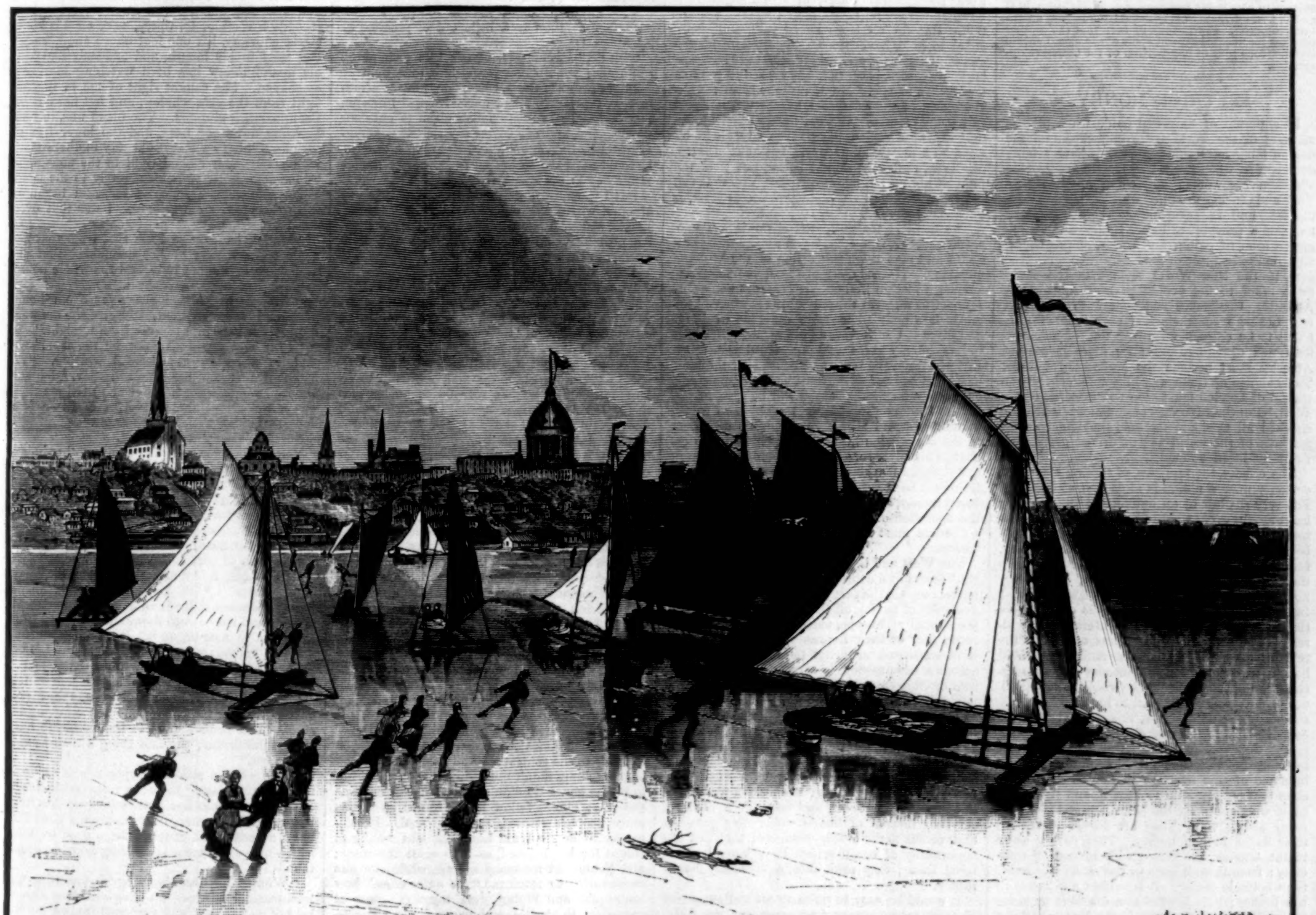
The Rome correspondent of the London *Times* telegraphs as follows: "The Pope, after his election, assumed the pontifical robes and received the homage of the Cardinals in the Sixtine Chapel. The crowd before the Vatican waiting for the benediction of the Pope is estimated to have numbered 20,000. Only a portion of the crowd was able to hear the benediction, as the inner gallery from which it was pronounced looks into St. Peter's. The ultramontanes are furious at the result of the election." This correspondent draws attention to the fact that Cardinal Pecci, when he was Camerlengo, ordered the pontifical carriages to be prepared for the new Pope to drive out on a solemn progress. The correspondent adds that the myth of the Pope's captivity is thus exploded.

The new Pope is sixty-eight years old. He was born on the 2d of March, 1810, at Carpineto, near Anagni. A man of great learning and superior abilities, he was in high favor with Pope Gregory XVI., in whose household he held for some time the position of private referendary. Gregory also employed him as his delegate, first at Benevento, then at Spoleto and Perugia, where he did good work in ridding some of these districts from the prevailing scourge of brigandage. Pecci was subsequently sent as Nuncio to Brussels, created Archbishop of Perugia, and was one of the candidates for whom the old Pope reserved the honor of the purple when he died in 1846. Pecci remained, however, a Cardinal *in petto* in spite of the good offices of the King of the Belgians, who solicited Pius IX. to fulfill the intentions of his predecessor. Seven years elapsed before Pius IX. created Pecci a Cardinal. This delay was charged to the ill-will of Cardinal Antonelli, who dreaded the influence of so able a man over the Pope's mind.

Antonelli is said to have been influential in keeping him away from Rome after he became Cardinal; and it was not until after his great rival's death that Pecci obtained free access to the Pope, who had appointed him as Cardinal Camerlengo, or Chamberlain. In person he is a tall, thin man, with a cold expression of countenance, which wears a habitual, almost ironical smile. His features have an aristocratic stamp, and his manner is dignified. He is said to have liberal tendencies; but a liberal Cardinal may develop into a very conservative Pope.

In connection with the election of a new Pope, the following clear and concise account of the way such elections are conducted will have an interest for our readers. It is taken from T. Adolphus Trollope's recent book on *The Papal Conclaves, as They Were and as They Are:*

> After the service and breakfast the Cardinals go, accompanied by the conclavists, to the Sistine Chapel to proceed to the first scrutiny. One of the conclavists, at the door of the chapel, hands to his Cardinal a closed desk containing the ruled and prepared register for the day's voting, the schedules especially prepared for giving the votes, the Cardinal's seal and materials for sealing, and writing requisites.
>
> The Conclave then retire, and the doors of the chapel are closed. Each Cardinal is enthroned under a canopy so arranged that they all can be let down but one when the new Pope is chosen. In the middle of the floor are six little tables furnished with every thing necessary to the business in hand. On a table in front of the altar is a tablet with seventy holes in it, answering to the number of Cardinals when the college is full, together with a purple box containing as many balls of wood as there are Cardinals, with the name of a Cardinal on each of them. From this box every morning are drawn the three scrutators, and three Cardinals to attend any invalids who may be confined to their cells. The balls with the names of the Cardinals are placed in the respective holes of the tablets just mentioned, and are allowed to remain there during the entire time of each scrutiny. Finally, there is also on this large table the form of oath to be used in putting the voting papers into the urn, and two urns with their dishes beneath them, which during the time of scrutiny are placed in the altar; also a box with a slit in the lid, and a lock and key, which the Cardinals appointed to receive the votes of their invalid colleagues carry round locked to the cells of the latter, and into the slit the sick Cardinals put their folded papers containing their votes with their own hands. Behind the altar there is a little iron fire-place, with a tube chimney communicating with the outer air.
>
> At the close of each scrutiny in which no election has been accomplished, owing to the requisite number of votes not having been given to one single Cardinal, all the voting papers are placed, together with a portion of straw, in this grating, which is then inserted in the iron stove, and the whole is set on fire by a match lighted from a tinder-box, so that the burning creates a dense smoke, by which all Rome, eagerly on the watch, is informed that no election has taken place at that day's two scrutinies. This is the celebrated "Fummata," of which so much has been heard, and on which so many bets have been decided. It serves also as a signal to the artillery-men who are on the watch at Castle St. Angelo, ready to fire their guns as soon as the election shall have been made; and, further, to the workmen, also on the watch, to pull down the walling-up of the great balcony from which the new Pope will, immediately on his election, give his first benediction—"*Urbi et orbi*"—on the instant that an election shall have been consummated. Every possible care is taken to prevent the Cardinals from communicating with each other, and even the dinners are "administered" separately by a "dapifer" (a bringer of the feast), by whom each Cardinal is attended. The dinners are severally examined by an official, before they are taken into the cells, to see that no scrap of writing or message of any kind is conveyed in the



ICE-BOATING AT MADISON, WISCONSIN.—From a Sketch by N. A. Greenback.—[See Page 191.]

viands. Any letters which may come in from the outer world are first read by a board of prelates before the Cardinals can have them, and the most scrupulous care is taken in every way to prevent all communication with the outer world, all the officers, conclavists, and others acting and fulfilling their duties under solemn vows and oaths. Three hours after sunset, at the last ringing of a signal bell, the junior master of the ceremony calls out, "*In cellum, domini!*"—"To your cells, my lords!" And all retire again to rest.

It is not necessary to describe the technicalities of writing upon the voting papers the names of the Cardinals set forth by the voters for election. They are not unlike modern ballot papers, with the exception of some lines of Latin and certain regulations for folding and sealing the vote. Only one name is written, and when the paper is filled up and folded and sealed, each Cardinal walks from his place to the altar, carrying the schedule, or vote, held high between his finger and thumb. Arrived at the step of the altar, he kneels and pronounces in Latin the following oath: "I call to witness Christ our Lord, who shall be my Judge, that I am electing whom before God I think ought to be elected, and the same as to the vote which I shall give at the *accessit.*"

On the altar there is a large chalice or urn covered with a patina; and the elector, having thus sworn, places his schedule, or voting paper, on the patina, and, taking that in his hand, throws the vote into the chalice with it. If a sick Cardinal can not do this, the ceremonial is gone through for him by a scrutator. For those who can not leave their cells there is a very elaborate system of assistance and substitution by the sworn officials. When all the votes have been placed in the chalice, the senior then takes each vote from the chalice and drops it into another similar receptacle.

Then comes the scrutiny itself. The three scrutators sit at a large table with their backs to the altar, so that they may be seen by all present. The first of them takes a voting paper from the chalice, and leaving the seals which seal down the name and motto of the voter intact, opens the other, in whose favor the vote is given. He then passes it to the second scrutator, who also takes a note of the person voted for, and passes it on to a third, who declares that vote in a loud voice, and each Cardinal as the vote is declared marks it on a register before him. When all the registers are marked, the schedules or voting papers are threaded on a file by the junior scrutator. The two ends of the thread are then tied together, and the whole placed apart on the great table. Then comes the last operation of the scrutiny, which has three divisions in case an election has been accomplished, which are, first, the counting of the votes; second, the certifying of the votes by three other Cardinals drawn by lot and called *recognitori;* and third, the burning of the vote in the manner already described. But if no election has been achieved, the last portion of the operation—the *post-scrutinium*—consists of seven "acts," of which the first is the *accessit.* This revoting is similar to the first, but no Cardinal can be voted for by *accessit* unless he has had at least one vote previously. Nor can an elector give an *accessit* for the same person for whom he voted in the first voting; otherwise he would be voting twice for the same person.

The mode in which this method of the *accessit* operates, and the nature of the motives which will influence the electors in proceeding to it, are sufficiently intelligible. If A, for whom you have voted, shall be shown to have received four or five votes only, while B has received twenty and C thirty, it will become a delicate question whether you will transfer your vote to one of the latter, and if so, to which of them. If, failing your own favorite candidate, who has been shown to have no chance, you are contented to have C, your course is clear. You "accede" to him.

If he is objectionable to you, you may still prefer to accede to him if it shall seem to you that his election is inevitable. If B would content you, and you think he has a chance, you accede to him. If your main object is to prevent, if possible, the election of either B or C, you accede to some other Cardinal, in hope that the votes given him, if not sufficient to elect him, may at least, in conclusive language, give an exclusion to B and C, *i. e.*, prevent either of them from having a two-third majority. It will thus be seen that the *accessit* requires for its management some of the most delicate and dextrous play of any portion of the Conclave operations.

INFERIOR MONEY.

In a period of universal panic, when all the markets of the world are overstocked and the men of labor have suffered as they have seldom done before, when Leeds and Cardiff are peopled with starving women and children, when New York and Chicago are filled with the unemployed, the idle, and the desponding, there was for a moment a prospect of better things, and an immense crop of cotton and wheat, of provisions, an unlimited supply of gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, in the New World, seemed to promise a swift relief to the people on both sides of the Atlantic. Confidence and hope were returning, new business contracts and engagements were about to be entered upon, the tide of indebtedness was changing, and once more it seemed America must become the creditor of Europe. The balance of trade was in our favor, and the capital of London must soon flow over the fertile West. But the advocates of unlimited silver have checked all this, and the gold that controls the markets of the world will be driven away from us by the inferior metal.

The cruelty, the injustice, of forcing a debased currency upon a nation is already felt among us. The very shadow of an unlimited issue of silver has brought every where disaster and embarrassment. How often in history has the same tale been repeated? How often have kings, tyrants, corrupt or imperious governments, forced upon their people an inferior currency, and vainly hoped to violate with impunity the laws of trade? In our own case the retribution has come before the act is consummated. The inferior money already clogs the course of business, and stifles the reviving prosperity of the community. It would have been cheaper for our farmers and our merchants to have bought up the whole annual produce of the silver mines than to have suffered this sudden check of business, this general decay of confidence; and the loss already to the country is one that is irreparable. Our national credit has for the first time been impaired. But the injustice of this measure is felt chiefly by the class that is least able to bear it, and it is upon those who labor that the pains of a debased currency always fall. They are forced to receive their wages in bad money. They pass it away to the butcher, the baker, with increasing difficulty; from them it goes to the retail merchant, the wholesale dealer. It is sold at a discount to the broker; it is bought at a discount by some enterprising manufacturer in the interior to pay his hands, or accumulates in considerable quantities in the safes of the flour or the provision dealer, always looked upon with suspicion, and always a source of dispute. The wealthy may refuse it, the banks and public offices reject it, but the laborer is forced to take his wages in inferior money, and the banker and the broker make a profit from his necessities.

This has been the invariable process by which a debased currency has displaced the good in history, and the cry of the enraged industrial classes has always arisen against the government that ventured to issue an inferior coinage. The industrial class too often, under mediæval or modern tyrannies, has had no voice in the matter, and has been forced to suffer in silence; has been the prey of noble or royal plunderers, the sport of heartless financiers. The bad money has stolen away the small comforts of countless cottages and built the palaces of a few unscrupulous usurers. But with us, where labor is universal, the industrial class forms nineteen-twentieths of the people. It is the one for which government is instituted, and by which the government is sustained; and it is to this powerful and extensive interest that a debased currency will prove most hurtful, and any check in the path of its returning prosperity must spread a general gloom. It is this class that is already beginning to feel the pains of an unlimited issue of silver. The manufacturer and the merchant pay their larger debts in checks, their smaller in the silver coin which they can buy at a discount; the workman can, as yet, get off his money in small sums to his butcher and baker; but already the accumulation of silver is extraordinary, and every branch of trade complains of the evils of a debased currency. What, then, must be the effect of an unlimited issue of the less valuable metal, and how completely will it drive away the good! Even this process has already begun; gold is once more an article of speculation; values are again unsettled; almost in a moment the process has commenced by which foreigners are enabled to steal away the profits of our trade, and usurers speculate upon the proceeds of the farms of Kansas and Minnesota. England buys cheap and sells dear, because its money is better than that of any other country; we are content with an inferior currency that throws nearly all our trade into the hands of English and German merchants.

That silver has become an inferior currency is shown in the fact that no one takes it willingly. Not one of the advocates of the bill would probably prefer to receive money that will pass current only at home to money that will purchase goods in all the markets of the world. What farmer, tradesman, laborer, mechanic, merchant, is willing to take silver when he can get bills or gold? Why is it rejected by every one, or accepted with reluctance? And this affords a complete answer to the laborious fallacies of Senator Jones, or the violent rhapsodies of some of the most ardent advocates of the change in our standard of value. Opinion makes value; and in the chief markets of the world men have decided that gold is a safer money than silver. In small sums silver is always desirable; it affords the best money for the lesser transactions of society; with a slight adulteration it may be retained in constant circulation. But for all large sums, gold, and paper equal to gold, have become the favorite instruments of business, and no one will take silver in large quantities, because it has ceased to pass as the world's money. Mr. Jones may labor to convince men of their delusion, but he can not prevail upon them to take his money even by the pressure of a national law. His silver will always be a debased currency. It is unfortunate, no doubt, that this should be so, but it is the fault of no one; it is one of those facts that can not be denied, and which, in practice at least, is universally allowed.

The demand for unlimited silver is a Democratic measure, supported by an almost undivided South and by a large proportion of the Western members. The majority of the Republicans are against it; seven Democratic Senators honorably support them. On the part of the Southern leaders it is a political measure designed to divide and distract the North, and in the Western States it has some sincere and misguided adherents. But it is upon the West and South that the issue of a large body of silver must have the most mischievous influence. Europe will be glad to pay for its food in the cheaper metal. The cotton planter will find all his small profits disappear in the commission he has to pay in order to exchange his silver for money that will pass current in European markets; the farmers of Iowa and Ohio will be forced to sell their wheat for a debased money, and lose ten or twenty per cent. by the operation of exchange. Farming, with such a discount, must cease to be a remunerative occupation.

The West and the great Northwest will be the chief losers by a depreciated currency. Their immense crop for the past year has given them an opportunity of paying off their debts, of controlling the capital of Europe, such as will not often return; they or their Representatives in Congress have consented to forfeit their honest right, to accept a base money, to turn away from Minnesota or Ohio that stream of European gold which might have made wealthy the whole population of the wheat-growing district. Instead of gold, they clamor for a depreciated currency; startling as it must seem, the Representatives of the West insist that their people shall be paid for their overflowing products in inferior money. The vast crop of 1877, history will relate, was sacrificed by its producers, and sold for a debased currency instead of honest gold; they gave up their profits to the money-changers; they lost the opportunity of wealth which Providence had offered them; they sank into a voluntary bankruptcy.

It would be easy to point to an endless series of fatal consequences that mark out the folly, the madness, of this extraordinary measure. But to every man of thought, of patriotism, of industry, of letters, its crowning and imperious error is its utter dishonesty. For the first time our commercial and national honor has been tarnished and the general conscience shocked by a successful attempt to assail in Congress the foundations of public virtue. Let the people show in all future elections that they at least can avenge themselves upon their betrayers.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE OUTER EDGE.

It's pretty well over now. The icy tyrant may as well get out his cards with P. P. C. in the corner; furtive freaks of balminess steal in upon the wintry air; its hard dull bitterness of cold is broken; the spring-time will soon come, and the voice of the turtle be heard in the land.

Well, I can't say I'm sorry. I tried to make the winter pleasant to my wife and mother-in-law. I took into consideration the misfortune of their having been born South, and endeavored to ameliorate, as far as in me lay, the inevitable drawbacks of a severe climate to a languid lymphatic temperament like Lulu's. Her mother's—Mrs. Fithian's—is more of a bilious turn, and gains thereby that somewhat sharp and acrid quality which neutralizes the general tendency to calm.

I have certainly tried to make Lulu comfortable. Double windows and outside doors have been arranged all over the house; hedges were planted to break the fierceness of the blast; all her favorite flowers are nicely bundled in straw; a big heater in the cellar and blazing grate fires in almost every room cause me to perspire at every pore when I'm within-doors, and have actually tided over for a friend of mine his annual attack of rheumatism. He came down here on a visit; the weather was inclement, so that he staid in the house the most of his time, and he has told me since that it was better than a course of Russian baths to him.

Two refractory servants and a scandal in the neighborhood served to occupy and amuse Mrs. Fithian, and I sent down a small dry-goods box full of light literature and a case of Berlin wool to Lulu.

As Heaven is my judge, I never had a thought for my own recreation; it was enough for me that Mrs. Fithian was comfortably occupied and my sweet Lulu amused.

But one fatal night I met Bill Banta on the train, and he began to tell me about the ice on the bay, how it was like a vast expanse of snowy sea transfigured in the silver flood of the moon; how the sombre green of the hemlocks on the shore formed a splendid contrast to the white background of something or other in the distance; and Bill went on telling about it till the people about us stopped talking to listen. Banta had an unusual command of language; I can't say that I always got the hang of it all, but that was my fault, of course, and it certainly sounded very nice in my ears that night. I plainly made out from what Bill said that there was skating on the bay every evening, and the thought of it was certainly fresh and invigorating.

"I suppose it don't matter much," I said, "whether a fellow is a little out of practice or not?"

"Oh no," said Banta. "It's like swimming, you know; you'll never forget how to swim."

I didn't pursue the subject, nor think it necessary to tell Banta I had never learned to swim. The fact is, I was never much given to out-door amusements, and can safely say that if the thermometer had never got above eighty in my house, I should not have so longed to skim over the ice of the bay in the keen frosty air.

But I thought of that furnace of a front-room of ours, where the plants couldn't live, Lulu's spaniel sickened and died, the parrot lost its active profanity, and only the cockatoo and Lulu seemed to thrive.

Here Bill's voice came to me again.

"She's the finest skater on the bay," he said; "she's grace personified. If you want to see the very poetry of motion, look at Mrs. Walter Jones in the full fervor of 'the outer edge.'"

"Mrs. Walter Jones!" I echoed.

"Yes—she that was Nellie Devoe," said Bill, speaking in a lower tone; "and, by-the-way, perhaps it wouldn't be safe for you to be brought under her fascinations again. By Jove! she's more beautiful than ever; and as for skating—whew! I tell you candidly, Dolph, when I see her in the bewildering undulations of 'the outer edge,' it charms me. My whole soul is electrified. I can't go on and skate; I'm compelled to pause and admire."

"Does Mr. Jones skate?" I asked.

Bill laughed in that disagreeable chuckling way of his, and said that Mr. Jones only came down as an escort to his wife.

"And a mighty forlorn time he has of it, Dolph," pursued Bill, "standing shivering there on the brink, and endeavoring to follow the flight of the beautiful creature he has captured but can't tame. He should have learned to skate and to waltz before he married Nellie Devoe. I always believed she married him out of spite."

"Here we are!" I said, and the train stopped. I hurried on ahead of my gabbling companion, my brain somewhat confused and shaken. It was natural that Bill should think Nellie Devoe only married Jones out of spite, but I had reason to know to the contrary. And I very soon found out that Jones didn't mind shivering on the brink to please her. He didn't skate himself, but was the most liberal fellow in the world as far as other people's skating was concerned. He humored Nellie, as I did Lulu, and was willing to freeze for his beloved, as I to roast for mine; and Nellie told me many a time, while she was endeavoring to teach me "the outer edge," how happy she and Walter were together; how he would go to parties, and moon about the passages while she had a good dance, and how she would go to lectures, and listen to wise people talk till she thought the top of her head would come off; how he would come down to the bay and wait for her while she had a good skate, and then she would go home with him and risk burning the house down helping him in some chemical experiment; how he'd had the tip of his nose and his ears frozen in her behalf, and she had her eyelashes and eyebrows singed in his. And so it went. Their tastes were different, but they were the happiest of the happy.

"It takes two adverse halves, Dolph," said Nellie, "to make a perfect whole."

And every word this little woman said delighted me more and more, for I began to believe that Lulu and I might improve by the example. Why couldn't she come down as Jones did, and not shiver on the brink, of course, but have a gliding chair, and, all wrapped up in furs, endure the freezing atmosphere of the bay to please me, as I did the boiling heat of her sitting-room to please her?

I made up my mind that as soon as I'd conquered the intricacies of "the outer edge," I'd coax Lulu down to the bay to see the skating. In the mean while I said nothing about it, as I had not yet conquered the first trick of the intricacy. It seemed to consist in balancing two-thirds of the body on one leg, throwing your whole weight upon it, screwing your entire anatomy into a curve outward, then keeping this half-moon equilibrium and skating swiftly and gracefully on with it. I always got just so far, then toppled over, and began again, suffering in the interim the agonies of the accursed, barking my shins, scraping my legs to the bone, racking my muscles till I began to limp like a cripple, and to cultivate a hidden and hitherto unknown aptitude for profanity.

Jones sympathized with me, and said he never saw such persistency in his life: what some people gained by a natural knack and grace, other people who lacked this facility made up in sheer grit and determination to succeed. He himself had been conquered by "the outer edge" in one trial. He nearly broke his collar-bone, sprained his knee-pan, cracked his skull, and was cowardly enough to give it up. "But you'll conquer it, if you keep on," he added; "you begin to hold your own already."

"Think so?" I said, with an imbecile egotism, and my silly vanity went soaring off to astounding feats upon the ice—"the figure eight," "the Dutch roll," "the outer edge"—pooh! I'd hunt up some electrifying figure that would transport the beholders into ecstasy. My Lulu should behold me the champion of the day. Perhaps it was the very fervor of my ambition that tripped me up and lent even an unusual vim to my next downfall, for I went home shortly after this burst of enthusiasm with my best pantaloons split across the knees, and a severe contusion over the left eye.

I went around by the back way, as I didn't want to alarm Lulu, or encounter the severe presence of my mother-in-law. It was late, and the moon had climbed pretty high, but I hoped that Mrs. Fithian might be comfortably in bed. I met her, however, at the head of the stairs. It's a humiliating thing for a man to creep along through a corridor on tiptoe, take off his boots at the stairway, lift one foot above another with his heart in his mouth, and suddenly find that his mother-in-law has been watching his every movement. She caught sight of me in the full light from the side window, and fell back a little, apparently stunned. The blood was, in fact, trickling down my nose, and the lower legs of my pants hung by a thread. My mother-in-law, with a face that looked rigid in the moonlight, rallied sufficiently to point severely to the spare room, whither she followed me, and began to wash the blood from my eye. I was that overcome and demoralized that I was as helpless as a baby in her hands, and I felt that from that moment I was a part of her dominion—that she owned me, as she did Lulu, and the whole household, parrot, cockatoo, and all.

"This is my last night away from home, ma'am," I stammered out. "I give the accursed thing up at once and forever from to-night."

"Pray Heaven it may not be too late!" she said, in a hollow, reproachful whisper. "My neighbor next door has been in to-day, Adolphus. She said she thought it her duty to tell me there was a woman at the bottom of it all—a Mrs. Jones. I think that was the name."

"Mrs. Walter Jones," I said.

"Gracious heavens!" cried my mother-in-law, dropping the sponge, and clasping her hands in horror; "do you mean to say it is true? Do you mean to tell me that you have been in the company of this woman night after night, while my poor child has been left neglected and alone?"

I hung my head, and faltered out that it was all the fault of that accursed "outer edge."

"Don't call it by any slang term, Sir," said Mrs. Fithian. "It's hydra-headed and many-named, because it leads to every iniquity under heaven, and it's next to impossible to leave it off when you've once begun it. It conquers a man."

"Yes, ma'am; you may well say that. It's got the best of me, as it has of many a better man."

"God knows it has, Adolphus."

"There's Jones, Mrs. Fithian—it was the means of his breaking his collar-bone and cracking his skull. You see it's next to impossible to keep one's equilibrium; the first thing a man knows, he's down."

"And what a sickening spectacle it is," said my mother-in-law, "to see a respectable, nicely dressed man, that has always held up his head before his fellow-men, that has been a good husband, a good son, a good citizen, a good business man—to see him come staggering home so drunk that—"

"What!" I roared, jumping up, upsetting the wash-basin, and nearly toppling over Mrs. Fithian herself. "Drunk, did you say, madam? Repeat that word if you dare!" I stood and glared at my mother-in-law, the whole thing gradually assuming the shape of a huge joke, and taking the heart out of my wrath; but I saw that she quailed, and it was neck or nothing now. I had the chance that she had a moment since of getting the upper hand at once and forever, and I began to howl at the top of my voice, and stride to and fro across the room, regardless of the dishevelled state of my toilet, kicking the lower legs of my pantaloons before me as I walked. "Drunk!" I shrieked, flinging my arms madly about, and scowling upon the now shrinking and terrified woman. "Is this the reward a man gets for innocently striving, night after night, at the risk of his life and his limbs, to complete a little scheme for the enjoyment of his family? Yes, Lulu," I said to my wife, who had been allured to the scene by all this excitement, and stood there in the doorway in a distractingly pretty night dress of India muslin, that beast of a cockatoo on her lovely shoulder—"yes, Lulu, this is my return for sacrificing my nights at home, for ruining my clothes, and dislocating my bones in your and your mother's behalf. I had thought, Lulu," I pursued, in a lower tone, and mournfully, "I had dreamed of a novel delight for you both. Little did I think, when my old friend Walter Jones was trying to teach me, and his wife was looking on" (I meant that she was trying to teach me, and he was looking on, but got it mixed up in my excitement), "this charming but dangerous amusement—" And here I went on describing pathetically and eloquently my experience with the "outer edge."

"Dear! dear!" murmured my poor mother-in-law, "I thought it was a name for some new drink. I'm very sorry, Dolphy, if I've made any trouble. God knows I've always tried to do what I could for your happiness"—which was true in the main, for she really furthered the match considerably, and I owed something to her for that; and she was crying, and Lulu's sweet lips began to tremble, and the opportune moment had come for me to relent, and I took Lulu in my arms, which I had been longing to do ever since she had stood there, with her beautiful eyes full of sleepy wonder, and her long hair falling in silky waves over that charming robe of India muslin. I took my sweet wife in my arms, knocked that nasty cockatoo from her dear shoulder, took undisputed dominion of my mother-in-law, and in my heart of hearts considered myself entirely square with the "outer edge."

ICE-BOATING.

The city of Madison, Wisconsin, is built upon an undulating isthmus between Mendota and Monona, two of a chain of four beautiful lakes. She thus enjoys great natural facilities for yachting in summer and ice-boating in winter, and her young people make the most of their advantages in both seasons. Our illustration on page 189 gives a graphic view of an ice-boat regatta that took place recently on the smooth and glossy surface of Lake Mendota.

A TRAMPS' LODGING-HOUSE.

So much interest was excited by the illustration of the lodging-house for homeless poor published in *Harper's Weekly* for February 23 that we feel certain our readers will be glad of the additional information concerning this excellent institution given in the following letter from the superintendent of the establishment:

"New York, *February* 18, 1878.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"Sir,—Referring to your article with illustration of lodging-house on Prince and Marion streets, I am glad you considered it worthy of so prominent a notice as you have given it.

"It is an experiment really meriting the success it has met with, though it is on too limited a scale, the object being to provide shelter and relieve respectable destitute men who otherwise would be compelled to resort to the police stations, and to save them from the humiliation of close contact with the degraded and dirty wretches who regularly resort to them for lodgings.

"If your notice will result, as it should, in inducing some public-spirited and charitable parties to give this class of our community that consideration which it merits, and impel them to take action and co-operate for its permanent relief, it will have accomplished a great public good.

"In this experiment, which is only transient, and undertaken with a view to demonstrate that it is not only possible but not at all difficult to relieve this class, a few facts in the experience of this lodging-house, which was opened October, 1875, are sufficient. A fair rent is paid for the building; there are about fifteen employés under regular pay; the fuel and light for so large a building, and the many accommodations to so many lodgers, such as towels, brushes, soap, blacking, needles, buttons, thread, etc., etc., make the expenses quite heavy; yet, notwithstanding, it has been self-supporting, to which fact I beg to call your attention; and besides, some one hundred and fifty thousand lodgings have been given free of charge.

"This winter, it being deemed demoralizing to lodgers to accommodate them free of charge, it was decided to require pay or an equivalent in labor, and so the wood business was undertaken, and kindling wood is prepared in the best manner by them, which is sold at the lowest market price; so parties wishing to co-operate can do so by sending orders for wood. No contributions of any kind have been or will be received. This wood business, or labor test, is by no means the least important feature in this experiment.

"It is a common opinion that most men utterly destitute have been brought to that condition by some vice, particularly intemperance. I have been forced, from my observation during my experience at the lodging-house, to change my opinion, and must attribute so much destitution to other causes. There is a remarkable willingness on the part of lodgers to labor hard for plain food and lodging. This city being a great business centre, there is always a large influx of persons in search of employment coming from all parts; yet their hopes are not always realized, and their slender means soon exhausted reduces them to a state of destitution, and if some place of this kind is not open to them, where they can pay for lodging and food in labor, they must seek refuge in the police stations, which soon degrades them.

"There is an error in your article which I wish to correct. The price for lodging throughout the house for hammock or pew is the same, and could not be put at less than three cents, which is the present price, or its equivalent in labor.

"I wish also to correct the statement which credits me with the conception of the undertaking, which has taken root from the fact of my having the management since its beginning. Its originator has avoided all publicity, yet I feel it my duty, in justice to him, and to relieve myself from a false position in which I have been placed, to state that I am only employed by him and under his directions to carry out his designs.

"Very respectfully, Charles H. Dessart,

"Supt. Shiloh Shelter for Destitute Men."

PEARL-FISHING.

What *are* pearls? Are they a morbid concretion of matter produced in the endeavor to heal a wound or to cover some irritating body that can not easily be ejected from the shells? Are they the result of a disease, or are they simply an over-production of the matter forming the shell of the creature? Whatever they are, it is only in the adult oyster that they are found of any size. The rate of growth in the size of a pearl can not of course be actually ascertained; but by a series of averages, taken from the produce of a large number of oysters from the same bed in different years, it is proved that after the fourth year the yield of pearls both in quantity and quality rapidly increases. It is in the hope of a bed of oysters which produces, say, five hundred rupees' ($250) worth of pearls per thousand oysters one year so improving as to yield double that value next year that many a fine bank has been left to perish, either from the attacks of enemies, from sickness, or other causes.

The whelk has lately been discovered to be a serious enemy to the pearl-oyster, just as it is to the edible oyster of commerce, and a curious disease occasionally manifests itself among the inhabitants of the banks. The fatty portion of the animal, under which pearls are usually found, and which is usually of a pale cream-color, assumes a yellow tint, denoting sickness of some sort, the exact nature of which has not yet been ascertained.

Pearl-fishing is at the best only a gigantic lottery, the prizes in which bear a very small proportion to the blanks. But in this, as in many other uncertain pursuits, hope always tells a flattering tale, and keeps awake the energies of thousands of interested operators. First there are the divers, who perform the actual operations of fishing for pearls. Arrayed in nature's garb, and provided with a knife and a small bag of netting in which to collect the gathered oysters, and with a rope tied round their waists, and a heavy stone attached to their feet, they are let down into the water, taking first a deep breath, and remaining there till forced to rise again. Expert divers will remain beneath the water for sixty, ninety, and even a hundred and eighty seconds. This period they occupy in detaching the mussels from the rocks, a matter frequently of much difficulty. Those of very small size they do not attempt to gather, for the larger the shells the more chance of their containing a pearl. The native divers are able to guess at the age of the oyster by the resistance it offers; and the older the oyster the more easily it is detached, and the greater the chance of its producing a large pearl.

On banks not overthickly populated there is barely time to gather half a dozen oysters at a dive—a dozen is an extra good haul; in more favorable circumstances from fifty to one hundred may be collected by one man. The diver then detaches the stone from his feet, gives a tug at the rope, and is rapidly hauled up; the stone, attached to another line, being afterward pulled up for use again. His gleanings are then placed on board the boat; and from it he descends again on another venture. It may be imagined that life among men who so overstrain their natural functions is very precarious, for though they are brought up to the practice from their boyhood, a diver seldom lives to see old age, or even maturity.

Besides the actual divers, there are the working crews of the boats, the men employed in "washing" the oysters on shore, the carrying boats, the provision merchants, purveyors of arrack and other liquors, bazar owners, the petty *chetties* or traders in pearls, the large merchants who buy thousands of oysters with a nod of the head, the police—and they form no small proportion of the whole population—and other government officials.

The boats are manned with a crew of one or two men, and frequently a "counter" to take reckoning of all the oysters brought up. The boats are usually worked over the ground in circles, being ranged in line some yards apart, and each taking a small circle and advancing gradually over a certain assigned area. Sometimes they are placed close together, and advance in line across the bed. But before the boats are permitted to start, the beds, having been examined by government officials, are buoyed off, and no boat is allowed to go beyond the limits thus defined. When the number of boats entered is very large—and sometimes as many as five or six hundred collect together for the prosecution of the industry—they are placed in separate divisions of eighty to a hundred each, and lots are cast for the order in which the divisions shall proceed, each division taking a day or a tide in rotation.

For the accommodation of the large numbers of people brought temporarily together by the fishery, large villages—the houses of which are composed of bamboo, wood, furze, mud, and any light material—suddenly spring up along the sea-shore, the population being further increased by the arrival of the buyers and merchants. From China, Japan, and all parts of the East connoisseurs in pearls and pearl-oysters are attracted to the scene of operation, and the activity and excitement are often intense. A sample of five or six thousand oysters is examined by the government, and from the results of this sample the sales proceed. The government takes three-fourths of every boat-load brought in, and special officials are appointed to dispose of these shares as soon as possible and at the best possible price. A daily auction takes place, and the lots are knocked down to the highest bidder. The method of valuing is so much per thousand oysters, the prices ranging from forty rupees ($20) to one hundred and twenty rupees ($60) per thousand.

The collection of so many thousand natives, with very rudimentary ideas of the laws of health and cleanliness, and with facilities for drinking arrack and other ardent liquors which are as regularly to be met with on the shores of Ceylon as they are in the crowded fairs and race-courses of our own country, is often the cause of an outbreak of cholera, small-pox, or other zymotic disease. The greatest precautions are, however, taken to prevent such a catastrophe, and all cases of illness are at once isolated.

The operation of opening the pearl-oysters is also conducive to disease. To open each oyster when fresh would be a work of infinite labor; they are therefore packed together in large vessels called *ballams*, where, under the tropical heat, the animals soon die and putrefy, and the shells, gaping open, are easily washed and examined.

The greatest watchfulness has to be exercised over the natives employed in this work, where the owners do not perform the operation themselves. A pearl is very easily secreted, either in the folds of the scanty dress, or in the mouth or ears, or even swallowed; and the Cingalese, and indeed all the natives of the East, are adepts in the art of thieving. To cheat the government out of its share of the spoil, it is no unusual thing for the boatmen to throw large packages of oysters overboard, buoying them, so that they may be recovered under cover of darkness or on the last day of fishing, which is usually devoted to a general *sanjayan*, or scramble. All boats, whether belonging to the authorized divisions or not, are then allowed to go out and keep what they can get.

When, from the diminished daily results of the fishing, a sign is given that the bed is being exhausted, the order is given to stop fishing. The *sanjayan* over, the bed is deserted, save by the government launch appointed to remove the buoys which marked off the limits of the ground; the boats gradually make off, as wind and weather permit, for their respective ports; the merchants pack up their purchases and take their departure for the great towns and cities; the government officials, having completed the records of the fishery, are gradually recalled; the temporary huts are burned to the ground; and the place assumes its normal state of peaceful repose, disturbed only, or rather intensified, by the presence of some wandering native bird, or by the occasional visit of a roaming elephant or jackal.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday, 10.—First Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 17.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 24.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Monday, 25.—Annunciation B.V.M.
Sunday, 31.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

The prohibition of religious exercises in the public schools of New Haven by the Board of Education of that city has awakened prolonged discussion. The Board defend their action by the following statements: "(1) We have by law the power to do what we have done. (2) The policy of the State of Connecticut toward religion....is that of protection, full and impartial, alike to all, but nothing more. (3) We find now that fully fifty per cent. of the children in the New Haven schools are of a parentage who have not only no sympathy with the religion practiced there, but to whom it is objectionable on grounds of conscience." To this Dr. Leonard Bacon replies, very pithily: "The Roman Catholics in New Haven and the Jews know that no dishonor is put upon their religious peculiarities in any of the public schools, and that is the reason why fifty out of every hundred scholars are from Roman Catholic or Jewish families." The religious exercises abolished were of the simplest character. The decision of the Board was hasty, to say the least.

The Conclave of Cardinals, whose duty it is to elect a new Pope, began its sessions in the Vatican Palace on the evening of the 18th of February. Nearly all of the College—now over sixty in number—were present. The established order was followed in conducting the vote. The ten days prescribed as the interval between the death of one Pope and the election of another were observed. The cardinals were shut up in their cells, and the secret ballots cast. On the 19th Cardinal Pecci received thirty-five votes, a few less than the required two-thirds majority. On the next morning he received forty-four votes. According to the cable dispatch, "When the voting was finished and the papers were burned, Cardinal Franchi and those holding the same views with him advanced, and knelt before Cardinal Pecci." On the afternoon of February 20 the new Pope was announced to the people of Rome, and appeared before them.

There is published in London a classified directory to all its charities. From the last issued it appears that there are in the metropolis 1030 charitable institutions, of which the total income for last year was £4,651,132. Of the entire sum, Bible and tract societies received £304,671, home and foreign missionary societies, £1,294,516.

The International Sunday-school Convention, which will be held in Atlanta April 17-19, will be composed exclusively of delegates. Each State is entitled to twice as many delegates as it has Representatives in the Senate and Lower House of the Congress of the United States. They are to be elected by State Associations. Where there are no State Associations, applications for appointment should be made—for New England and New York, to the Rev. Henry M. Parsons, Buffalo; for the Middle, Western, and Pacific States, to the Rev. George A. Peltz, Jamestown, New York; for the South and Southwest, to the Rev. T. C. Boykin, Atlanta. This will be the first Convention of the kind ever held in the far South; its proceedings will be awaited with great interest.

Protestant papers have as a rule referred to Pope Pius IX. in respectful terms. This is the style in which the ultramontane *Univers* of Paris speaks of the late King of Italy: "Victor Emanuel is dead!—a robber who refused restitution, a public sinner who did not offer public satisfaction, a persecutor of the Church who died with his hands full of unholy plunder, a dishonored gentleman, a perjured monarch, under the doom of excommunication till in the agony of death. The infidel and liberal press of this country has been doing its best to cast perfume on the foul carrion that is now rotting in the Pantheon."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey opened religious services in the City Hall of Springfield, Massachusetts, on Sunday, February 10. In the afternoon and evening 3000 persons attended.

The Baptist Hand-Book for Great Britain has appeared, and contains a comparative view of the growth of the denomination in the United Kingdom during the ten years from 1867 to 1877. At the close of 1877 there were in all Great Britain 2620 churches, as against 2411 in 1867; 3408 chapels, as against 2642; 269,836 members, as against 221,524; and 370,320 Sunday-school scholars, as against 192,334 ten years ago. There are forty-one county and other district associations.

It is reported that the committee of the United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland, appointed to revise the subordinated standards of the Church, have gone over the whole of the "Confession of Faith." Alterations have been suggested which have been referred to a sub-committee, with instructions to prepare a draft. This draft will be submitted on the 5th of March, when the report to be presented to the Synod will be adopted.

It was reported in London on the 1st of February that the Scotch Roman Catholic hierarchy had been established. St. Andrews and Glasgow are made archbishoprics; "Aberdeen and three other sees bishoprics." The incumbents are Rev. Dr. John Strain, Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh; Rev. Dr. Eyre, Archbishop of Glasgow; Rev. John M'Donald, Bishop of Aberdeen. The other bishops are the Rev. John M'Lachlan, Galloway; the Rev. George Rigg, Dunkeld; the Rev. Angus Macdonald, Argyll and the Isles.

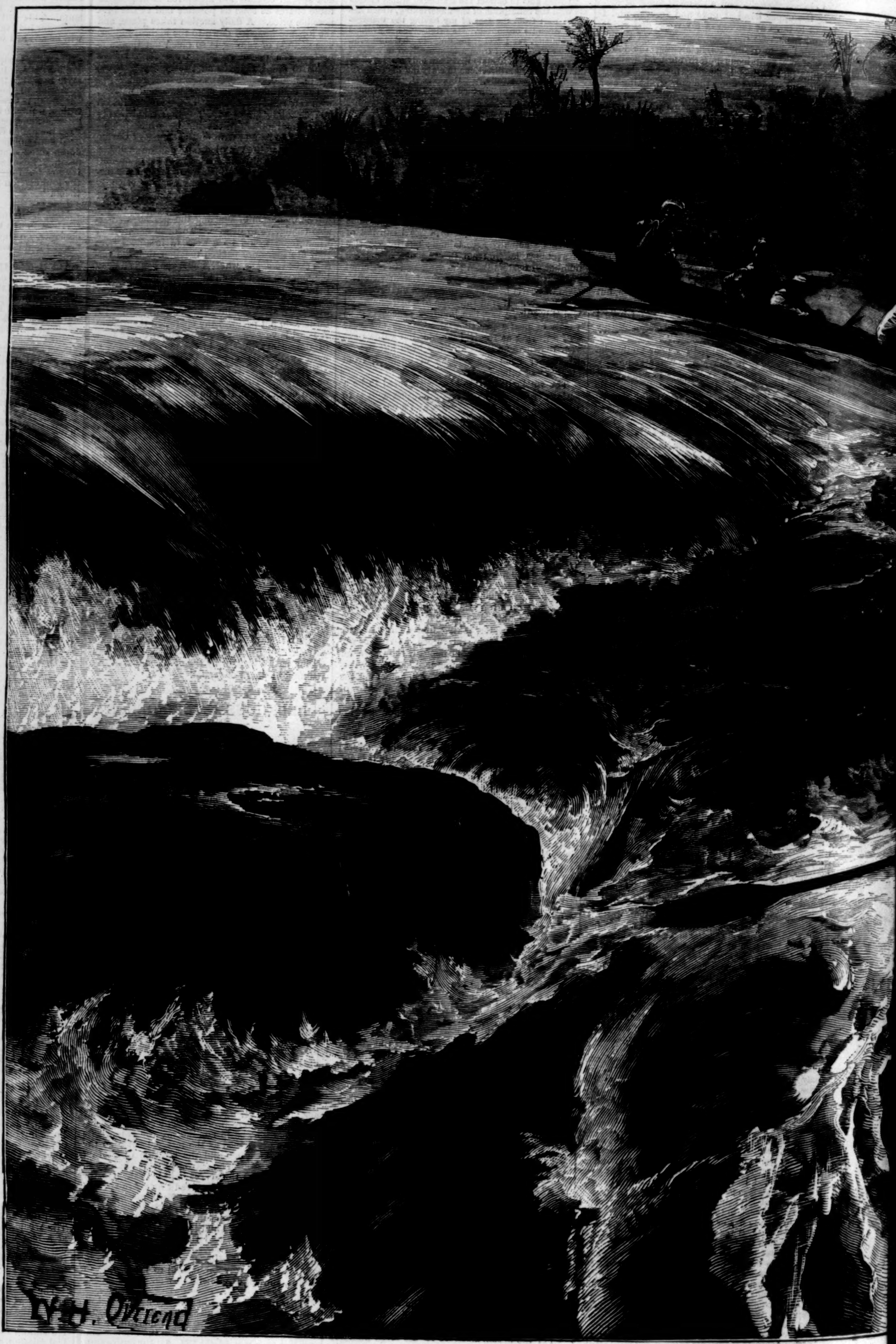
A beautiful illustration of stability in American life is given in the sketch recently drawn by Dr. Noah Porter, President of Yale College, of the life and ministry of his father, the Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., of Farmington, Connecticut. Dr. Porter the elder was pastor of the Congregational church of that town for sixty years, from 1806 to 1866. He was born in Farmington, exercised his ministry there only, and was descended from ancestors who were among the original proprietors when the town was founded in 1640.

Several ritualist clergymen of England who wish to secede to Rome have offered to the Congregation of Rites to do so on the following terms: (1) That the present married clergy may be re-ordained, continuing in the married state, and allowed to act as priests not possessing the cure of souls; (2) the privilege of reciting the Anglican rite for the communion service in English, with the exception of the Canon of the Mass, which would be in Latin; (3) that these concessions shall not constitute a precedent. These clergymen claim that marriage of priests is already conceded by Rome to the Uniat Greek Church in Greece and Poland.

It will be remembered that several years ago the Chinese government sent a select company of youths to the United States to be educated. They were placed in the schools and best families of New England, under the general supervision of a commission, with which the Hon. B. G. Northrup, of Connecticut, is associated. These young men are making excellent progress in study, and are winning general esteem by their good conduct. The report of the Connecticut Board of Education last issued contains a letter from Prince Kung, the Prime Minister of China, in which he expresses his gratitude for the interest taken in these students by Mr. Northrup. It is reported now that the King of Siam is about to send thirty young men of noble families to this country to be educated.

At the recent meeting of the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in Cincinnati, the sales of books and periodicals at New York for 1877 were reported to be $630,705; at the Eastern depositories, $205,207, making a total of $835,912. The net capital of the New York house over all liabilities is $974,192. The Western house sold in 1877, at Cincinnati, books and periodicals to the amount of $391,622; at its depositories, $266,852, making a total of $658,474. The net capital of this house is $429,474. The total net capital of the two houses is $1,403,666. The Western Book Concern has been carried on at a loss during the year of $2500. The committee say in their report, "Most of the depositories have been unprofitable, and at some losses have been sustained."

The question of the state supervision of education was fully discussed in the Prussian Diet during the last days of January. A Catholic petition was offered asking "that only such teachers should be installed as possessed the canonical mission, and that the matter and manner of religious instruction should be left to the clergy." The reply of the speakers representing the government showed (1) that confessional religious instruction in the public schools will be retained, and (2) that this instruction will not be wholly intrusted to the various religious bodies. The condition of public schools in Prussia in this particular is thus stated: Out of 10,545 schools, the ordinary teachers of 5976 have been allowed by the bishops to continue to give religious instruction. These are, of course, laymen. In 4569 schools religious instruction was given, in 1873, by clergymen; of these, 2468 have been removed for refusing to accept the state laws; 2101 retain their positions.



STANLEY IN AFRICA—SHOOTIN RAP

STANLEY IN AFRICA.

There is a fascination about all stories of African travel that invests the engravings illustrating Stanley's journey with peculiar interest. Our readers will remember that some weeks ago we published a portrait of the explorer himself, while our last issue contained a striking picture of a visit made by him and his party to an island in Lake Victoria, together with a thrilling description of the scene depicted from his own pen.

When Henry M. Stanley determined upon visiting Central Africa, the undertaking to which he bent his energies was one that might well daunt the explorer, even though only the natural difficulties of travel in an unknown region were to be encountered. He started to settle beyond all further dispute the vexed problem of the sources of the Nile, which had puzzled geographers since the earliest days of the ancient Egyptian civilization. He also proposed to himself the task of determining the relation between the Central African river known as the Lomame or Lualaba and the great Congo River, which empties into the Atlantic Ocean on the western coast of the continent.

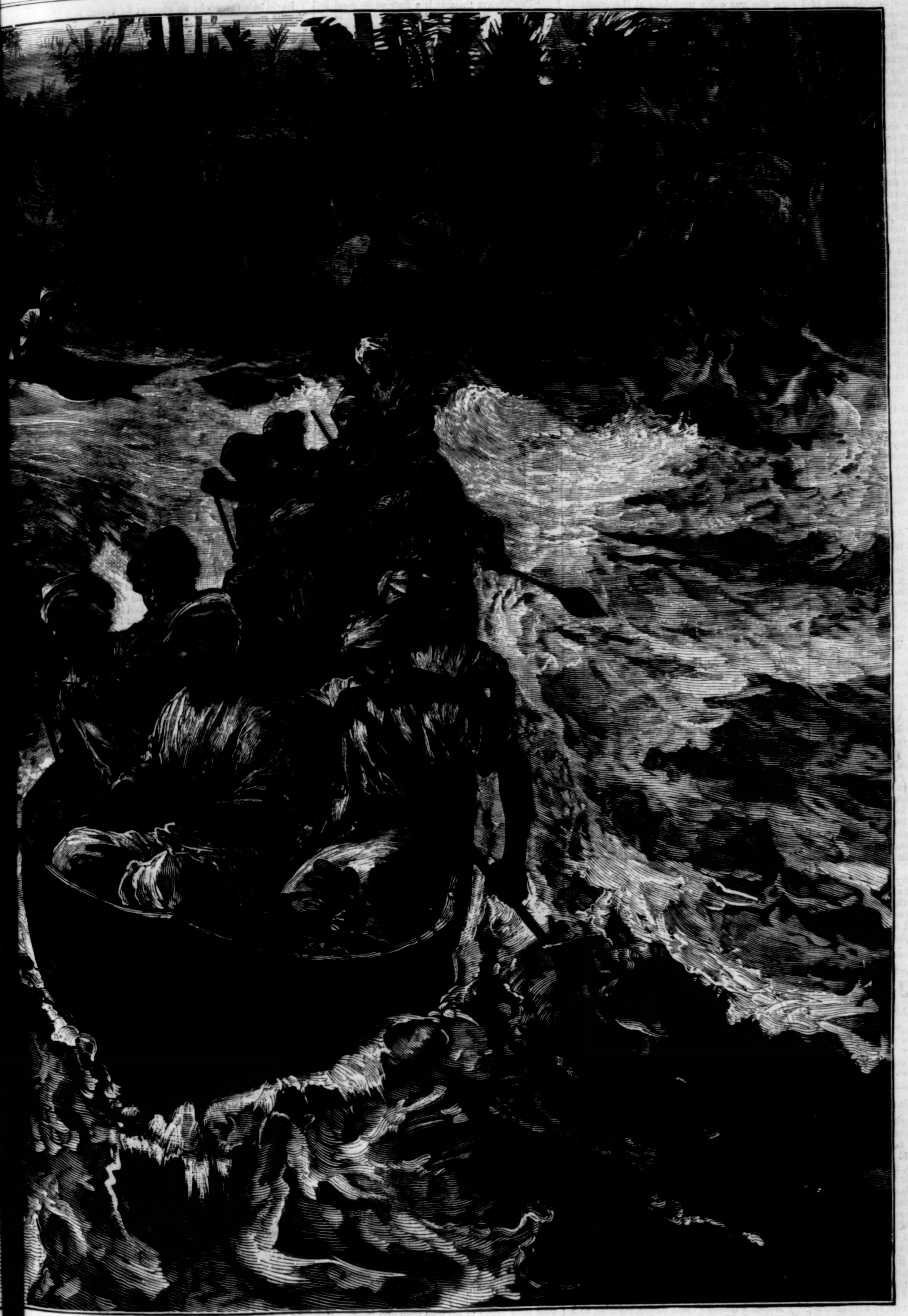
There is no part of Stanley's journey from the time that he started upon his travels up to the date of his arrival on the west coast that is without interest; but the history of the weeks spent in the exploration of the Congo is so novel in character, dealing as it does with a part of the world hitherto unexplored, and peopled with the most fantastic tribes of savages, reads like a wild romance, only possessing the charm of truthfulness which fiction must necessarily be without.

Conscious of the difficulties he would have to encounter in forcing his way through a country where no other explorer had preceded him, Stanley exercised great judgment in the selection of his men and the choice of equipments necessary for following the course of an unknown river. The *Lady Alice*, in which he proposed to explore the windings of the Congo, was a marvellous specimen of boat-building art. She was orginally built forty feet in length and six feet in width, and was intended to be in five sections, each weighing not more than 120 pounds. What was the explorer's chagrin when he discovered that the beautifully built boat sections weighed more than double the specified allowance, and were therefore entirely unportable! Fortunately he was able to have the error rectified by the skill of a young carpenter who was then staying at Zanzibar. Among the scientific appliances carried by Stanley were chronometers, sextants, artificial horizons, beam and prismatic compasses, pedometers, thermometers, aneroid barometers, nautical almanacs for three years, a thousand fathoms of sounding-line, and a complete set of photographic apparatus.

Nyangwé may be considered the point at which the exploration of the Congo began. Arrived here, Stanley's first demand was to know why the natives had not permitted the explorer Cameron to proceed on his journey. The answer given by the Arabs was that his people refused to go with him. The reason for their refusal soon became apparent. The African imagination, which is in every sense vivid, had painted such horrors to be encountered in the country beyond, that the refusal of Cameron's party to accompany him was easily comprehensible. Stanley's party was larger, however, and by dint of energy, persuasion, and scolding, a final start was made on the 15th of November, 1876. The first feature of the journey was a weary march through a most difficult country. The men were obliged to carry on their shoulders every pound of provisions and other stores necessary for a transcontinental journey. Besides this, the sections of the *Lady Alice* added enormously to their burden. Finding that he could not proceed by the line he had first intended to follow, Stanley crossed the Lualaba, and continued his journey along the left bank of the river, passing through the district known as Northeast Ukusu. On this route he endeavored to find an outlet westward, but the jungle was so dense and the fatigues of the march so harassing that it seemed impossible for him to succeed in passing the tremendous barrier of the forest.

At last, however, he reached that portion of the country known as the Cannibal Lands. Here he was abandoned by a party of Arabs that had accompanied him to this point. Before they left, however, at Stanley's solicitation they assisted him and his men to reach a certain island in the river. Here the parting took place, which was quite a melancholy one. Speaking of it in the lecture that he delivered at Cape Town after his return, the explorer says: "When the Arabs had seen that all the people were together on the island, they bade us farewell. We got into our canoes and packed all the people into them; men, women, children, goods, every thing, went into the canoes, and we began our journey down the river. Not a word was uttered by any body. I think it was the saddest time I ever experienced in Africa, but it did not last long. They soon saw what a nice thing it was to go gliding down the river, with a tall bank of thick woods on each side, and a Sabbath stillness all around; nothing to do but to paddle and si
began to think it
began to think, '
goods on our sh
heads, and our h
are not.' So the
spirits, and had
and monkeys, a
and every thing

Their joy was



RAPIDS ON THE CONGO RIVER.

y down, until they
d, after all. They
we carried lots of
heavy bales on our
eary, but now they
hey recovered their
tten the cannibals
ictors, puff-adders,

however, for they had proceeded but a short distance when they found themselves opposed at every step by hostile cannibals. The savages filled the woods day and night, and poured successive showers of poisoned arrows on the party. Many of the men were killed and others seriously wounded. It was only now and then that Stanley and his men could reply to this silent fire with their rifles, for the savages kept well under cover and exposed themselves but rarely.

Stanley's march through these cannibal regions soon became almost hopeless. There was no cessation to the fighting day or night. An attempt at camping merely concentrated the savages and rendered their fire more deadly. The advance was a succession of charges in rude skirmishing order by an advance-guard, whose duty it was to clear the road for the main body. A rear-guard covered in like manner the retreat, for, although advancing against one enemy, the movement was a retreat from another. All Stanley's efforts to appease the savages were unavailing. They would listen to no overtures, disregarded all signals of friendship and of mildness of intention, and refused to be pacified with gifts. The patient behavior of Stanley's men they regarded as cowardice, so that no course remained open to the explorer but to fight his way onward and with as little loss as possible. To render his position still more deplorable, the escort of 140 natives, whom he had engaged for the service at Nyangwé, refused to proceed further on the journey, and deserted him. They were so overawed by the terrors of the forest and the continuous struggle that they believed destruction was certain to overtake the whole party, and prudently resolved not to be destroyed.

Finding that Stanley's ranks were thinned by the desertion of the Nyangwé men, the hostile natives concentrated themselves for a grand attack, with a view to crushing him completely. It became necessary, therefore, to organize a desperate resistance, which was happily successful in so far that it repulsed the savages for the time being, and gave the explorer a chance to reconsider his plans and adapt them to the exigencies of his trying position.

There was, however, but one way in which the party might escape from the persecution of their foes, unless they accepted the alternative of returning to Nyangwé and abandoning the great work they had undertaken. This was to make use of canoes. With the *Lady Alice* as a last reliance for himself, and other good canoes for the party, Stanley concluded that he could advance with a good prospect of success. Yet although he had a decided advantage over the savages on the water, he still found that each day's advance was but a repetition of the struggle of the day previous. It was desperate fighting all the time while pushing down the river with might and main. Fortunately it was still the rifle against the bow, but then the bow was covered by the dense woods, and the rifle was exposed in an open canoe.

In the midst of these successive struggles Stanley's journey on the river was interrupted by a series of great cataracts, not far from each other, and in the vicinity of the equator. Some he could pass after the manner indicated in our picture, but in the majority of cases it was necessary to land and drag the boats along until the water became less turbulent. Altogether the cataracts compelled Stanley to cut his way through over thirteen miles of forest, and drag his canoes and the *Lady Alice* all this distance by land. This enormous labor entailed the most exhausting efforts, and the men had frequently to abandon the axe and drag-ropes for their rifles, in order to defend themselves against the continuous assaults of the hostile natives.

After passing the cataracts, Stanley and his party enjoyed a long rest from the toil of dragging their boats through the forest. They were also comparatively secure from attack, and took measures to recruit their exhausted strength before again encountering the dangers of the journey westward. Although fighting his way continuously, Stanley did not neglect the objects of his journey, and found opportunity to note all the interesting changes and physical characteristics of the route. At two degrees north latitude he found that the course of the Great Lualaba swerved from its almost direct northerly direction to the northwestward, to the westward, and then to the southwestward, developing into a broad stream, varying in width from two to ten miles, and choked with islands.

In order to avoid the struggles with the tribes of desperate cannibals that peopled the main-land on each side of the river, Stanley's canoe fleet, led by the *Lady Alice*, paddled along between the islands, taking advantage of the cover they afforded as a protection from attack. In this way many miles down the stream were made by the expedition unmolested by the natives. But this safety from attack was purchased by much suffering. Cut off from supplies in the middle of the great river, starvation threatened to destroy the expedition. The most extreme hunger was endured by the party, which passed three entire days absolutely without any food. This terrible state of things at last became unendurable, so Stanley resolved to meet his fate on the main-land rather than by hunger on the river. He therefore turned his course to the left bank of the Lualaba, and, with the singular good fortune that has generally attended him, reached the village of a tribe acquainted with trade. With these natives Stanley and his party made "blood brotherhood," and purchased from them an abundance of provisions.

After a brief rest Stanley endeavored to continue his course along the left bank of the river, but three days after his departure from the village of the friendly natives he came to the country of a powerful tribe, whose warriors were armed with muskets. Here, for the first time since leaving Nyangwé, Stanley had to contend against an enemy on almost an equal footing as to arms. He therefore prepared his party for a struggle, the issue of which was exceedingly doubtful. No sooner did these natives discover the party than they advanced from the river-bank to attack it. It was not until after three of his men were killed that Stanley desisted in his efforts to make the natives understand that he and his party were friends. He cried out to them to that effect, and offered cloths as peace gifts. But the savages refused to be conciliated, and the fight proceeded with unabated fury. For twelve miles down the struggle went on, and it proved to be the greatest and most desperate fight on this terrible river. It was maintained by Stanley's followers with great courage, and was the last save one of thirty-two battles fought after the expedition had left Nyangwé.

The New York *Herald* and the London *Telegraph*, from whose columns this article has been chiefly made up, have every reason to be proud of the great explorer whom they have assisted to clear up one of the greatest geographical mysteries of the world. The tracing of the Congo or Lualaba River from its sources in the Central African lake system to the western coast, where its waters mingle with the great Atlantic Ocean, completes with perfect symmetry the work which Stanley undertook.

But one shadow falls upon the triumph which the explorer is enjoying, and that is the loss of the faithful friends who accompanied him in his wanderings and shared his perils. The three companions selected by Stanley to bear him company in his long and adventurous journey through Africa were two young Englishmen, brothers, named Francis and Edward Pocock, and Frederick Barker. In all his letters from the interior Stanley writes of them in the warmest terms of friendship, and a perusal of the letters of the Pococks shows that the feeling was heartily reciprocated. The melancholy fate of these brave men, dying so far from home and friends, casts a gloom over the brilliancy of Stanley's great achievements. All three fell victims to duty, and their young lives are tributes to the cause of science which their countrymen can not fail to remember. The last lies buried beneath the waters of the Congo. Stanley writes: "My grief is still new over the loss of my last white assistant, the brave and pious young Englishman Francis Pocock, who was swept over the falls of the Massassa on the 3d of last June." On the same day that Pocock was lost, Stanley with seven men was nearly drawn into the whirlpools of the Mowa Falls, and six weeks later the entire crew of the *Lady Alice* were swept over the furious falls of Mbelo, escaping death almost miraculously.

Stanley's success, like many other great triumphs, has been purchased at a great cost. But the secret of the Congo is finally revealed. Little is left for future explorers to accomplish save the filling up of topographical details within the grand outlines which he has prepared for them.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

BROTHER JACOB.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Daniel Deronda," "Middlemarch," "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," etc.

> "Trompeurs, c'est pour vous que j'écris, attendez-vous à la pareille."—La Fontaine.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

It was little more than a week after the return from his fruitful journey, that the day of his marriage with Penny having been fixed, it was agreed that Mrs. Palfrey should overcome her reluctance to move from home, and that she and her husband should bring their two daughters to inspect little Penny's future abode, and decide on the new arrangements to be made for the reception of the bride. Mr. Freely meant her to have a house so pretty and comfortable that she need not envy even a wool-factor's wife. Of course the upper room over the shop was to be the best sitting-room; but also the parlor behind the shop was to be made a suitable bower for the lovely Penny, who would naturally wish to be near her husband, though Mr. Freely declared his resolution never to allow *his* wife to wait in the shop. The decisions about the parlor furniture were left till last, because the party was to take tea there; and, about five o'clock, they were all seated there with the best muffins and buttered buns before them, little Penny blushing and smiling, with her "crop" in the best order, and a blue frock showing her little white shoulders, while her opinion was being always asked and never given. She secretly wished to have a particular sort of chimney ornaments, but she could not have brought herself to mention it. Seated by the side of her yellow and rather withered lover, who, though he had not reached his thirtieth year, had already crow's-feet about his eyes, she was quite tremulous at the greatness of her lot, being married to a man who had travelled so much—and before her sister Letty! The handsome Letitia looked rather proud and contemptuous, thought her future brother-in-law an odious person, and was vexed with her father and mother for letting Penny marry him. Dear little Penny! She certainly did look like a fresh white-heart cherry going to be bitten off the stem by that lipless mouth. Would no deliverer come to make a slip between that cherry and that mouth without a lip?

"Quite a family likeness between the admiral and you, Mr. Freely," observed Mrs. Palfrey, who was looking at the family portrait for the first time. "It's wonderful! and only a grand-uncle. Do you feature the rest of your family, as you know of?"

"I can't say," said Mr. Freely, with a sigh. "My family have mostly thought themselves too high to take any notice of me."

At this moment an extraordinary disturbance was heard in the shop, as of a heavy animal stamping about and making angry noises, and then of a glass vessel falling in shivers, while the voice of the apprentice was heard calling "Master" in great alarm.

Mr. Freely rose in anxious astonishment, and hastened into the shop, followed by the four Palfreys, who made a group at the parlor door, transfixed with wonder at seeing a large man in a smock-frock, with a pitchfork in his hand, rush up to Mr. Freely and hug him, crying out, "Zavy, Zavy, b'other Zavy!"

It was Jacob, and for some moments David lost all presence of mind. He felt arrested for having stolen his mother's guineas. He turned cold, and trembled in his brother's grasp.

"Why, how's this?" said Mr. Palfrey, advancing from the door. "Who is he?"

Jacob supplied the answer by saying over and over again,

"I'se Zacob, b'other Zacob. Come 'o zee Zavy"—till hunger prompted him to relax his grasp, and to seize a large raised pie, which he lifted to his mouth.

By this time David's power of device had begun to return, but it was a very hard task for his prudence to master his rage and hatred toward poor Jacob.

"I don't know who he is; he must be drunk," he said, in a low tone to Mr. Palfrey. "But he's dangerous with that pitchfork. He'll never let it go." Then checking himself on the point of betraying too great an intimacy with Jacob's habits, he added: "*You* watch him, while I run for the constable." And he hurried out of the shop.

"Why, where do you come from, my man?" said Mr. Palfrey, speaking to Jacob in a conciliatory tone. Jacob was eating his pie by large mouthfuls, and looking round at the other good things in the shop, while he embraced his pitchfork with his left arm, and laid his left hand on some Bath buns. He was in the rare position of a person who recovers a long-absent friend and finds him richer than ever in the characteristics that won his heart.

"I'se Zacob—b'other Zacob—'t home. I love Zavy—b'other Zavy," he said, as soon as Mr. Palfrey had drawn his attention. "Zavy come back from z' Indies—got mother's zinnies. Where's Zavy?" he added, looking round, and then turning to the others with a questioning air, puzzled by David's disappearance.

"It's very odd," observed Mr. Palfrey to his wife and daughters. "He seems to say Freely's his brother come back from th' Indies."

"What a pleasant relation for us!" said Letitia, sarcastically. "I think he's a good deal like Mr. Freely. He's got just the same sort of nose, and his eyes are the same color."

Poor Penny was ready to cry.

But now Mr. Freely re-entered the shop without the constable. During his walk of a few yards he had had time and calmness enough to widen his view of consequences, and he saw that to get Jacob taken to the work-house or to the lock-up house as an offensive stranger, might have awkward effects if his family took the trouble of inquiring after him. He must resign himself to more patient measures.

"On second thoughts," he said, beckoning to Mr. Palfrey, and whispering to him while Jacob's back was turned, "he's a poor half-witted fellow. Perhaps his friends will come after him. I don't mind giving him something to eat, and letting him lie down for the night. He's got it into his head that he knows me—they do get these fancies, idiots do. He'll perhaps go away again in an hour or two, and make no more ado. I'm a kind-hearted man *myself*—I shouldn't like to have the poor fellow ill-used."

"Why, he'll eat a sovereign's worth in no time," said Mr. Palfrey, thinking Mr. Freely a little too magnificent in his generosity.

"Eh, Zavy, come back?" exclaimed Jacob, giving his dear brother another hug, which crushed Mr. Freely's features inconveniently against the handle of the pitchfork.

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Freely, smiling, with every capability of murder in his mind, except the courage to commit it. He wished the Bath buns might by chance have arsenic in them.

"Mother's zinnies?" said Jacob, pointing to a glass jar of yellow lozenges that stood in the window. "Zive 'em me."

David dared not do otherwise than reach down the glass jar and give Jacob a handful. He received them in his smock-frock, which he held out for more.

"They'll keep him quiet a bit, at any rate," thought David, and emptied the jar. Jacob grinned and mowed with delight.

"You're very good to this stranger, Mr. Freely," said Letitia; and then spitefully, as David joined the party at the parlor door, "I think you could hardly treat him better if he was really your brother."

"I've always thought it a duty to be good to idiots," said Mr. Freely, striving after the most moral view of the subject. "We might have been idiots ourselves—every body might have been born idiots, instead of having their right senses."

"I don't know where there'd ha' been victual for us all, then," observed Mrs. Palfrey, regarding the matter in a housewifely light.

"But let us sit down again and finish our tea," said Mr. Freely. "Let us leave the poor creature to himself."

They walked into the parlor again; but Jacob, not apparently appreciating the kindness of leaving him to himself, immediately followed his brother, and seated himself, pitchfork grounded, at the table.

"Well," said Miss Letitia, rising, "I don't know whether *you* mean to stay, mother; but I shall go home."

"Oh, me too," said Penny, frightened to death at Jacob, who had begun to nod and grin at her.

"Well, I think we *had* better be going, Mr. Palfrey," said the mother, rising more slowly.

Mr. Freely, whose complexion had become decidedly yellower during the last half hour, did not resist this proposition. He hoped they should meet again "under happier circumstances."

"It's my belief the man's his brother," said Letitia, when they were all on their way home.

"Letty, it's very ill-natured of you," said Penny, beginning to cry.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Palfrey. "Freely's got no brother; he's said so many and many a time. He's an orphan; he's got nothing but uncles—leastwise one. What's it matter what an idiot says? What call had Freely to tell lies?"

Letitia tossed her head and was silent.

Mr. Freely, left alone with his affectionate brother Jacob, brooded over the possibility of luring him out of the town early the next morning, and getting him conveyed to Gilsbrook without further betrayals. But the thing was difficult. He saw clearly that if he took Jacob away himself, his absence, conjoined with the disappearance of the stranger, would either cause the conviction that he was really a relative, or would oblige him to the dangerous course of inventing a story to account for his disappearance and his own absence at the same time. David groaned. There come occasions when falsehood is felt to be inconvenient. It would, perhaps, have been a longer-headed device if he had never told any of those clever fibs about his uncles, grand and otherwise; for the Palfreys were simple people, and shared the popular prejudice against lying. Even if he could get Jacob away this time, what security was there that he would not come again, having once found the way? O guineas! O lozenges! what enviable people those were who had never robbed their mothers and had never told fibs! David spent a sleepless night, while Jacob was snoring close by. Was this the upshot of travelling to the Indies, and acquiring experience combined with anecdote?

He rose at break of day, as he had once before done, when he was in fear of Jacob, and took all gentle means to rouse him from his deep sleep; he dared not be loud, because his apprentice was in the house, and would report every thing. But Jacob was not to be roused. He fought out with his fist at the unknown cause of disturbance, turned over, and snored again. He must be left to wake as he would. David, with a cold perspiration on his brow, confessed to himself that Jacob could not be got away that day.

Mr. Palfrey came over to Grimworth before noon, with a natural curiosity to see how his future son-in-law got on with the stranger to whom he was so benevolently inclined. He found a crowd round the shop. All Grimworth by this time had heard how Freely had been fastened on by an idiot, who called him "Brother Zavy;" and the younger population seemed to find the singular stranger an unwearying source of fascination, while the householders dropped in one by one to inquire into the incident.

"Why don't you send him to the work-house?" said Mr. Prettyman. "You'll have a row with him and the children presently, and he'll eat you up. The work-house is the proper place for him; let his kin claim him, if he's got any."

"Those may be *your* feelings, Mr. Prettyman," said David, his mind quite enfeebled by the torture of his position.

"What, *is* he your brother, then?" said Mr. Prettyman, looking at his neighbor Freely rather sharply.

"All men are our brothers, and idiots particular so," said Mr. Freely, who, like many other men of extensive knowledge, was not master of the English language.

"Come, come, if he's your brother, tell the truth, man," said Mr. Prettyman, with growing suspicion. "Don't be ashamed of your own flesh and blood."

Mr. Palfrey was present, and also had his eye on Freely. It is difficult for a man to believe in the advantage of a truth which will disclose him to have been a liar. In this critical moment David shrank from this immediate disgrace in the eyes of his future father-in-law.

"Mr. Prettyman," he said, "I take your observations as an insult. I've no reason to be otherwise than proud of my own flesh and blood. If this poor man was my brother more than all men are, I should say so."

A tall figure darkened the door, and David, lifting his eyes in that direction, saw his eldest brother, Jonathan, on the door-sill.

"I'll stay wi' Zavy," shouted Jacob, as he, too, caught sight of his eldest brother, and, running behind the counter, he clutched David hard.

"What, he *is* here?" said Jonathan Faux, coming forward. "My mother would have no nay, as he'd been away so long, but I must see after him. And it struck me he was very like come after you, because we'd been talking of you o' late, and where you lived."

David saw there was no escape; he smiled a ghastly smile.

"What, is this a relation of yours, Sir?" said Mr. Palfrey to Jonathan.

"Ay, it's my innicent of a brother, sure enough," said honest Jonathan. "A fine trouble and cost he is to us in th' eating and other things, but we must bear what's laid on us."

"And your name's Freely, is it?" said Mr. Prettyman.

"Nay, nay, my name's Faux; I know nothing o' Freelys," said Jonathan, curtly. "Come," he added, turning to David, "I must take some news to mother about Jacob. Shall I take him with me, or will you undertake to send him back?"

"Take him, if you can make him loose his hold of me," said David, feebly.

"Is this gentleman here in the confectionery line your brother, then, Sir?" said Mr. Prettyman, feeling that it was an occasion on which formal language must be used.

"*I* don't want to own him," said Jonathan, unable to resist a movement of indignation that had never been allowed to satisfy itself. "He run away from home with good reasons in his pocket years ago: he didn't want to be owned again, I reckon."

Mr. Palfrey left the shop; he felt his own pride too severely wounded by the sense that he had let himself be fooled to feel curiosity for further details. The most pressing business was to go home and tell his daughter that Freely was a poor sneak, probably a rascal, and that her engagement was broken off.

Mr. Prettyman staid, with some internal self-gratulation that *he* had never given in to Freely, and that Mr. Chaloner would see now what sort of fellow it was that he had put over the heads of older parishioners. He considered it due from him (Mr. Prettyman) that, for the interests of the parish, he should know all that was to be known about this "interloper." Grimworth would have people coming from Botany Bay to settle in it, if things went on in this way.

It soon appeared that Jacob could not be made to quit his dear brother David except by force. He understood, with a clearness equal to that of the most intelligent mind, that Jonathan would take him back to skimmed milk, apple-dumpling, broad-beans, and pork. And he had found a paradise in his brother's shop. It was a difficult matter to use force with Jacob, for he wore heavy nailed boots; and if his pitchfork had been mastered, he would have resorted without hesitation to kicks. Nothing short of using guile to bind him hand and foot would have made all parties safe.

"Let him stay," said David, with desperate resignation, frightened above all things at the idea of further disturbances in his shop, which would make his exposure all the more conspicuous. "*You* go away again, and to-morrow I can, perhaps, get him to go to Gilsbrook with me. He'll follow me fast enough, I dare say," he added, with a half groan.

"Very well," said Jonathan, gruffly. "I don't see why *you* shouldn't have some trouble and expense with him as well as the rest of us. But mind you bring him back safe and soon, else mother 'll never rest."

On this arrangement being concluded, Mr. Prettyman begged Mr. Jonathan Faux to go and take a snack with him—an invitation which was quite acceptable; and as honest Jonathan had nothing to be ashamed of, it is probable that he was very frank in his communications to the civil draper, who, pursuing the benefit of the parish, hastened to make all the information he could gather about Freely common parochial property. You may imagine that the meeting of the club at the Woolpack that evening was unusually lively. Every member was anxious to prove that he had never liked Freely, as he called himself. Faux was his name, was it? Fox would have been more suitable. The majority expressed a desire to see him hooted out of the town.

Mr. Freely did not venture over his door-sill that day, for he knew Jacob would keep at his side, and there was every probability that they would have a train of juvenile followers. He sent to engage the Woolpack gig for an early hour the next morning; but this order was not kept religiously a secret by the landlord. Mr. Freely was informed that he could not have the gig till seven; and the Grimworth people were early risers. Perhaps they were more alert than usual on this particular morning; for when Jacob, with a bag of sweets in his hand, was induced to mount the gig with his brother David, the inhabitants of the market-place were looking out of their doors and windows, and at the turning of the street there was even a muster of apprentices and school-boys, who shouted as they passed in what Jacob took to be a very merry and friendly way, nodding and grinning in return. "Huzzay, David Faux, how's your uncle?" was their morning's greeting. Like other pointed things, it was not altogether impromptu.

Even this public derision was not so crushing to David as the horrible thought, that though he might succeed now in getting Jacob home again, there would never be any security against his coming back, like a wasp to the honey-pot. As long as David lived at Grimworth, Jacob's return would be hanging over him. But could he go on living at Grimworth—an object of ridicule, discarded by the Palfreys, after having revelled in the consciousness that he was an envied and prosperous confectioner? David liked to be envied; he minded less about being loved.

His doubts on this point were soon settled. The mind of Grimworth became obstinately set against him and his viands, and the new school being finished, the eating-room was closed. If there had been no other reason, sympathy with the Palfreys, that respectable family who had lived in the parish time out of mind, would have determined all well-to-do people to decline Freely's goods. Besides, he had absconded with his mother's guineas: who knew what else he had done, in Jamaica or elsewhere, before he came to Grimworth, worming himself into families under false pretenses? Females shuddered. Dreadful suspicions gathered round him: his green eyes, his bow-legs, had a criminal aspect. The rector disliked the sight of a man who had imposed upon him; and all boys who could not afford to purchase hooted "David Faux" as they passed his shop. Certainly no man now would pay any thing for the "good-will" of Mr. Freely's business, and he would be obliged to quit it without a peculium so desirable toward defraying the expense of moving.

In a few months the shop in the market-place was again to let, and Mr. David Faux, *alias* Edward Freely, had gone—nobody at Grimworth knew whither. In this way the demoralization of Grimworth women was checked. Young Mrs. Steene renewed her efforts to make light mince-pies, and having at last made a batch so excellent that Mr. Steene looked at her with complacency as he ate them, and said they were the best he had ever eaten in his life, she thought less of bulbuls and renegades ever after. The secrets of the finer cookery were revived in the breasts of matronly housewives, and daughters were again anxious to be initiated in them.

You will further, I hope, be glad to hear, that some purchases of drapery made by pretty Penny, in preparation for her marriage with Mr. Freely, came in quite as well for her wedding with young Towers as if they had been made expressly for the latter occasion. For Penny's complexion had not altered, and blue always became it best.

Here ends the story of Mr. David Faux, confectioner, and his brother Jacob. And we see in it, I think, an admirable instance of the unexpected forms in which the great Nemesis hides herself.

THE END.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CALIPHATE.

WHEN Mohammed died, a contest began as to who should inherit his power. Leaving no sons who could claim the natural right of succession, the contest between one of his fathers-in-law, Abu-Bekr, and his nephew and son-in-law, Ali, resulted in the victory of the former. Caliph (meaning successor) was the title adopted by Abu-Bekr when he came into power, A.D. 623, and this title being transmitted to those who ruled after him, the historians of the Middle Ages denominated the Arab empire founded by these princes the Caliphate.

The entire title assumed by Abu-Bekr was that of Caliphet-Besul-Allah, representative or deputy of the Prophet of God. To propagate the Mohammedan faith, he used his armies, and after obtaining several successes over the armies of the Byzantine Empire, Syria was conquered. His successor was another father-in-law of Mohammed, named Omar, who annexed Egypt and Jerusalem to the Caliphate. He adopted the title of Emir-al-Mumenin, or Prince of the Faithful, which all the Caliphs who followed him retained.

Abu-Bekr obtained his right to the succession by election, Omar by nomination, being named by Abu-Bekr just before his death, which occurred two and a half years after his accession to power.

Omar's method of securing a successor was this: he indicated six persons who were to follow him in power; they were to be considered as presumptive heirs, were to be chosen by lot or by their own united votes, and were to inherit the succession in the order of their selection or allotment. After the death of Omar one of the six volunteered to relinquish his chance of obtaining power if the others would allow him to designate one of their number to succeed Omar. Being permitted to do so, he chose Othman, who then became the third Caliph. He dying in A.D. 665, Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet, one of the six chosen by Omar, was elected by the people of Mecca and Medina to succeed him. He transferred the seat of the Caliphate to Cufa, and died in A.D. 661, leaving two sons, the elder of whom, Hassan, it is supposed inherited the succession, as we have no account of his election.

The Governor of Damascus, Moawijah, having become independent while Ali yet lived, and having conquered Syria, Egypt, and part of Arabia, disputed Hassan's title. After a few months' feeble tenure of the Cufa sovereignty, therefore, Hassan abdicated in favor of the usurper, and found sanctuary at the Prophet's tomb, till poisoned by his wife, at the instigation, it was said, of Moawijah. The latter moved the seat of the Caliphate to Damascus.

Moawijah was the founder of the dynasty of the Ommiades, which held the succession until A.D. 752, and then gave place to that of the Abbasides. To this dynasty, whose founder was the uncle of Mohammed, belonged Haroun-al-Raschid, the famous hero of the *Arabian Nights.* Haroun gave himself up unreservedly to the pleasures of life, leaving the entire administration of his extensive kingdom in the hands of Yahya, the Barmecide, and his four sons; and the energy of his administration, the enforcement of order, and the general prosperity of the country proved that his confidence was not misplaced. The city of Bagdad, whither the seat of the Caliphate had been removed by Al-Mansour, grandfather of Haroun, he rendered the most flourishing city of that period. Tribute was paid to him from all quarters, and splendid edifices were erected by him at prodigious cost. He patronized learning, poetry, and music, and his court was the resort of the most eminent Mohammedans of the age. He was celebrated in song and narrative, and, as already stated, is the hero of several of the stories of the *Arabian Nights.*

A series of political intrigues divided the empire into several independent Caliphates, but in the eleventh century the Caliphs of Bagdad were still acknowledged as the spiritual chiefs of all the Moslems. Their temporal power, however, scarcely extended beyond the walls of that city, which, in 1258, becoming the prey of the Tartars under Holagou, the representative of the Caliph fled to Egypt. The other Caliphates, of which there were two, one in Spain, the other in Africa, had been extinguished, the first in 1036, the second in 1117.

We now reach the first of the three doubtful links in this tangled chain of succession on which the religious title of Sultan Abd-ul Hamid depends. Some three years after the Mogul capture of Bagdad a young Arab named Ahmed, calling himself a survivor of the slaughtered Abbaside house, made his appearance at Cairo, and claimed to be a son of Dhaher, the last Caliph but one of the line. D'Herbelot tells the story of his claim in language that plainly hints doubt as to its soundness, and the only recorded evidence in support of it is its recognition by the Mameluke Sultan Bibars after consultation with his doctors of the law. In the person, therefore, of this alleged scion of the sacred house—who received the name of Mostanserbillah—the Abbaside dynasty, extinguished on the Tigris, was revived on the Nile. A few months after his enthronement he was sent with a strong force to drive the Tartars from Bagdad, but being met by them on his way, was killed in the fight that followed. Opportunely yet another survivor of Holagou's massacre turned up, and was promoted to the vacant dignity with even scantier inquiry into his pedigree than had been made in the case of Ahmed. But the Caliphate thus restored was from the first a purely spiritual office, without secular power or attributes of any kind, and during the two centuries and a half that intervened to the Turkish conquest the sacred puppets were appointed and deposed at will by the temporal Sultans with even less ceremony than had previously been observed by the Seljuks at Bagdad.

When Egypt was conquered in 1517 by the Ottomans under Selim I., he carried Motowakkel, the ruling Caliph, to Constantinople, where he compelled him to renounce the Caliphate, and himself assumed the title. Since that time the Turkish Sultans have borne the title of Caliph, and have claimed to be regarded as the spiritual chiefs of the Moslems.

Certainly it is through a succession of broken links that the present ruler of Turkey traces his claim to the Caliphate.

Motowakkel either voluntarily or under pressure renounced the dignity in favor of the Ottoman Sultan Selim I.—by blood a Tartar—on that prince's conquest of Egypt, and from him the office has descended conjointly with the temporal Sultanate to the present sovereign Abd-ul Hamid. Thus the Ottoman claims to the dynasty are both canonically and historically untenable; but as Mr. M'Cowan, an able authority on Eastern affairs, says, "In fact, time and a consensus of Mussulman opinion have created for the house of Othman quite as good a title to the office as could be claimed for any of the dynasties since Ali and Hassan. For all purposes of practical politics the validity of this must now be recognized. The notion that there ever was any thing like an apostolical succession in the office is as exploded as our own old dogma of Divine right, and that cleared away, it is—with all respect to the eminent scholars who blunt their pens against an accomplished and now unchangeable fact—mere Quixotism to dispute a claim which Mussulmans themselves all but universally acknowledge."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE twelfth report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Massachusetts will be read with great satisfaction by those interested in the restoration of such fish as the salmon and shad to depleted waters, and who have retained their faith in the efficiency of the measures adopted for that purpose, in spite of the apparent want of success in past years. The most interesting statements of the report in question are those relating to the introduction of young salmon into the Merrimac River—a stream which many years ago abounded with this fish, but which, in consequence of the introduction of dams for the great manufactories, has been for a long time destitute of them.

In the year 1872 16,000 salmon fry were placed in the upper waters of the Merrimac, followed in 1873 by 185,000, in 1875 by 230,000, and in 1876 by 400,000. Assuming that these fish require four years for their maturity, it was, of course, not until 1876 that a return from the sea could be looked for. Nothing certain was ascertained in that year on this subject, but in 1877 the superintendents of fish-ways at Lawrence and Manchester were greatly delighted to see a succession of the fish making their appearance, the total number passing up, as nearly as could be estimated, amounting to between one and two thousand. These were of adult size, from eight to twelve and even fifteen pounds, most of them, however, being about ten pounds.

The upper waters of the Merrimac River have proved to abound with salmon during the last summer and autumn, and we have reason to believe that an immense number of eggs have been laid, and that the restoration of the stream to its original condition will before long be an accomplished fact.

In the interval from the first introduction of the young fish into the river suitable fish-ways were constructed, by means of which the adult fish might ascend to their spawning grounds; and the measures taken for this purpose proved to be entirely satisfactory, the fish passing upward unintermittingly, and apparently without the slightest difficulty. Many other species also embraced the opportunity thus afforded.

With the capture of over 600 adult white shad in the Ohio River at Louisville in the spring of 1877, and the appearance of this large number of salmon in the Merrimac, there is every encouragement to renewed efforts for the multiplication of useful food fishes every where.

It is considered a remarkable fact by paleontologists that the trilobites, so far as known as a fossil in many American and European rocks, are almost invariably found lying on their backs. The fact has just received an interesting illustration in the observations of Mr. **ALEXANDER AGASSIZ** upon young king-crabs (or the "horse-shoe" of the Atlantic coast—*Limulus polyphemus*), so closely resembling the trilobites in many respects. According to his observations, the young king-crabs will remain perfectly quiet for hours on their backs on the bottom of the jars where they are kept, and when the animal casts its skin it invariably maintains the same attitude on the bottom of the jar. Indeed, the young king-crab feeds mostly while turned on its back, moving at an angle with the bottom, the hind extremity raised, and throwing out the feet beyond the anterior edge of the shell.

Mr. W. H. **HOLMES**, the artist of Dr. **HAYDEN**'s party, has been prosecuting explorations among the Pueblo villages, both ancient and modern, in Northern New Mexico and Arizona, and has collected data for making models in plaster of the pueblos of Taos and Acorna, which will probably be added to the superb series of these archæological restorations deposited by Professor **HAYDEN** in the National Museum.

Much of value in a scientific point of view is to be expected from the investigation of the fauna of the Gulf of Mexico upon which Mr. **ALEXANDER AGASSIZ** is at present engaged. The Coast Survey steamer *Blake*, under Lieutenant-Commander **CHARLES D. SIGSBEE**, having been detailed for service during the winter in the Gulf of Mexico, Mr. **AGASSIZ**, as we have already informed our readers, received permission to accompany it, with an assistant, and a rich harvest may be expected from his labors. The results will probably furnish an excellent opportunity of comparing the anatomy, physiology, and general structure of the animal forms in that portion of the ocean with those that have been so elaborately investigated in Northern Europe.

Professor **MIDDENDORF**, who has already made so great a reputation by the thoroughness of his researches into the physical and natural history of Siberia, is about undertaking a new expedition to Central Asia, to start early during the present year. It has for its special object the study of the agricultural facilities of Turkestan, and, as might be expected, will include inquiries into all other departments of knowledge.

The advocates of catastrophism in geology will be interested in hearing the report of Captain **LUNGINERS**, of a phenomenon observed by him on the 10th of December, 1876, while in the neighborhood of Terra del Fuego, about 140 miles from the Straits of Magellan, when he narrowly escaped collision with an island, of which no mention was made in the charts. This was early in the morning, and heaving to until daylight, the captain then proceeded with a boat's crew to the new island for observation. This he found had perceptibly diminished in size since its first appearance, the waters hissing around the rocky conical mass, and the surface too hot to permit landing. The sinking continued, however, and at eight o'clock the island was completely submerged, and an hour later the vessel sailed over the spot where it had disappeared.

The Rev. H. C. **M'COOK** has lately communicated to the Academy of Sciences of Philadelphia a very interesting account of the agricultural ants of Texas, of which Dr. **LINCECUM** and Dr. **BUCKLEY** have already written. The peculiarity of this species consists in their removing from a considerable space of ground all the native growths of vegetation, which are then replaced by crops of various kinds of grass, planted there by the ants, and the seeds of which they gather. The utmost care is taken by the ants in protecting this patch from the incursion of weeds and other noxious vegetation.

Mr. **M'COOK** is not prepared to commit himself to the view of an intelligent and intentional planting of the seeds by the ants for the purpose of gathering the proceeds, but the facts are as stated; and the seeds thus obtained are harvested in large quantities by the ants in underground granaries constructed expressly for the purpose.

This, however far it may go, is one of the most interesting illustrations of animal instinct, and the report of the further investigations now being carried on in Texas under Mr. **M'COOK**'s direction will be looked for with great interest.

Professor **COPE** has lately announced the discovery of some new forms of fossil mammals in the upper tertiary of Montana, possessing some remarkable peculiarities of dentition, which have received from him the names of *Pithecistes*, *Brachymeryx*, and *Cyclopidius.* The peculiar character of these new genera, allied to the well-known *Oriodon*, would not be appreciated by the general reader.

In addition to these genera a new species of the genus *Blastomeryx*, as large as the black-tailed deer, was discovered. This is especially interesting, as in Professor **COPE**'s opinion it is the ancestor of the living deer, just as the fossil *Dicroceras* is of the American antelope.

The ranks of veterans in natural science have been again thinned, by the death, on the 4th of January, of Mr. **THOMAS VERNON WOLLASTON**, one of the most distinguished of British entomologists. Although publishing many valuable papers on the entomology of Great Britain, his most important researches have been in the exotic fauna, and especially that of the Madeiras, Salvages, Cape de Verdes, and St. Helena, his memoirs on the coleoptera of those countries not only exhausting every possible genus and species, but furnishing the most important suggestions in reference to the question of development, and the primary distribution of land and water about these islands. Mr. **WOLLASTON** was fifty-seven years of age at the time of his death.

The death is announced on the 7th of January, at Dublin, of Professor **WILLIAM STOKES**.

The death of Dr. L. P. **YANDELL**, of Louisville, Kentucky, took place on the 4th of February, at the age of seventy-three. Dr. **YANDELL**, in addition to being one of the most prominent and competent physicians of the West, devoted himself to the study of the many fossil forms of animal life in his neighborhood, particularly the chrinoids, which occur there in such remarkable abundance and variety.

The peculiarities of reproduction in the batrachians seem inexhaustible, the latest announcement being that of a kind of toad from Chili—the *Rhinoderma darwini.* The males of this species have a pouch opening at the throat and extending over the greater portion of the belly. In this the eggs are placed (by what particular agency is unknown), and the young are hatched out. The animal inhabits the aridportions of Chili, and this arrangement is probably intended to compensate for the absence of surface water, in which the eggs of batrachians are usually deposited.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN who had filed a petition for a divorce was informed by his counsel that his wife had filed a "cross petition," as lawyers call it. "A *cross* petition!" exclaimed the husband; "that's just like her. She never did a *good-natured* thing in her life."

THE DIFFERENCE.—"Ah, yes," said a cabinet-maker to a crockery-dealer, to whom he was introduced—"ah, yes; you sell tea-sets, and I sell settees."

FRISCO FRISKY.—Red-headed girls are called "raging blondes" in San Francisco.

On a recent trial a witness was asked as to the common-sense of Joseph Buckley. "When Buckley was sober," he said, "he was very sensitive—as sensitive as any other man; but when drunk he was very much exaggerated."

"Ten dimes make one dollar," said the school-master. "Now go on, Sir. Ten dollars make one—what?" "They make one mighty glad these times," replied the boy; and the teacher, who hadn't got his last month's salary yet, concluded that the boy was about right.

The Nevada man who had seven homely daughters, for a box of cigars got the local editor to publish a rumor that he was a desperate old miser who had seven barrels of gold buried in his cellar, and all his daughters were married off in four months from that date.

"Will you always trust me, dearest?" he asked, looking down into her great blue eyes with unspeakable affection. She was a sales-woman at an up-town shirt store, and she told him business was business, and he'd have to pay cash every time.

Without wishing to encourage the world in gabble, we may state that the goldenness of silence is over-estimated. The mute inglorious oyster is always getting into broils, stews, and hot water.

A married acquaintance says his wife won't let him belong to a club, because, she says, it would take him out of an evening, when he ought to stop at home and make club to her. A woman who could make a joke on such a subject ought to be clubbed.

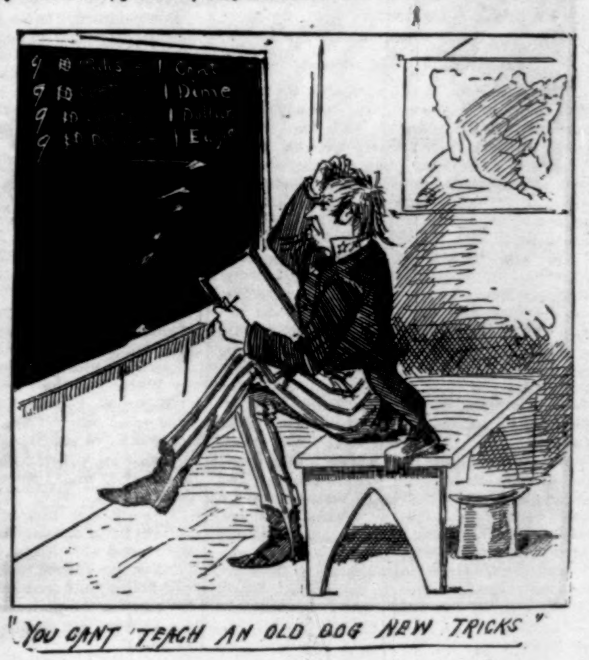
The Pythian oracle still survives in the ambiguous Freshman, as witness the following:

PROFESSOR. "Is the intensity of gravity greater at the poles or at the equator?"
FRESHMAN. "Yes, Sir."
PROFESSOR. "Which?"
FRESHMAN. "It's greater."

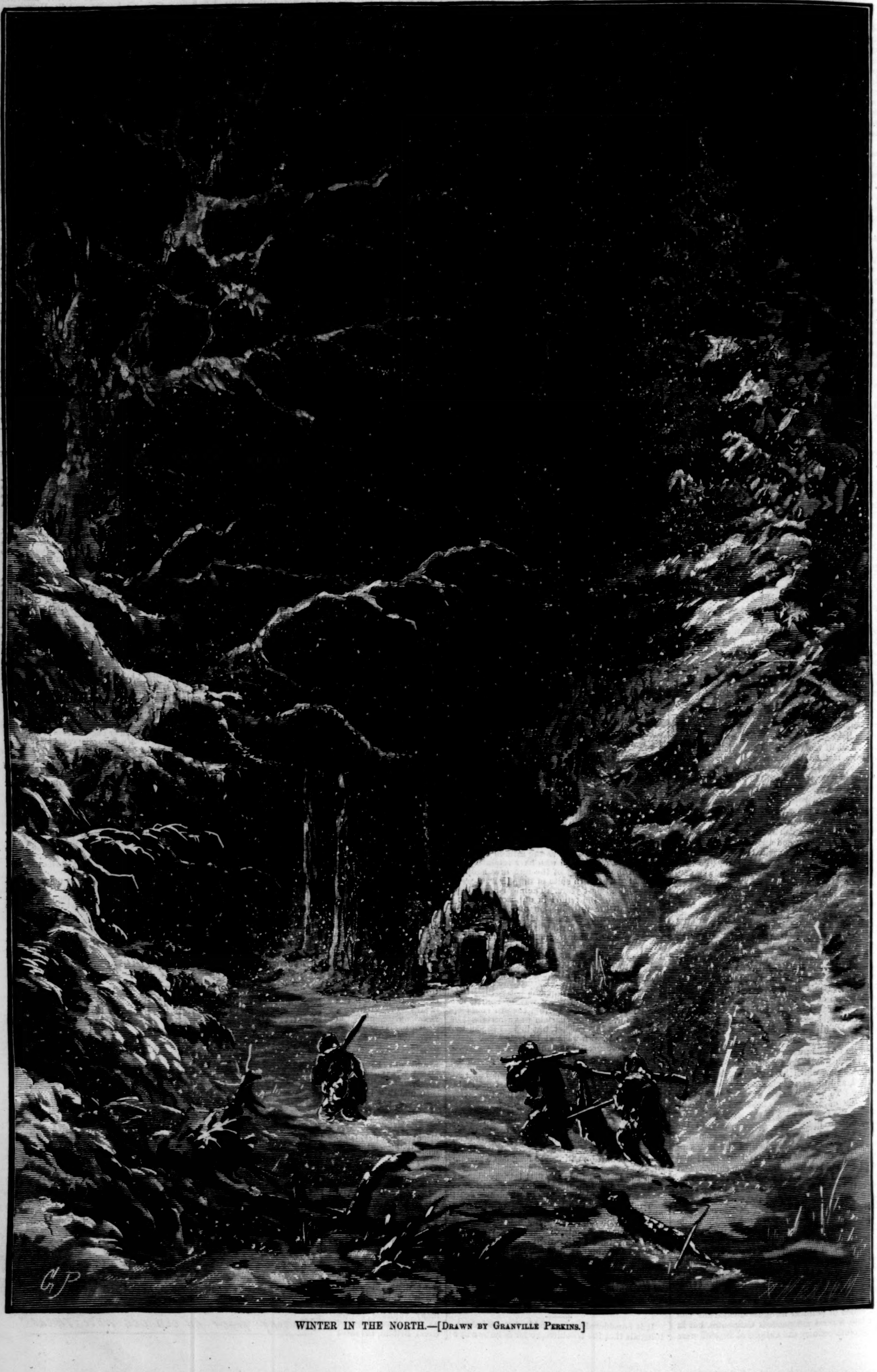
According to a Chicago reporter, a St. Louis girl was surprised on looking into her stocking on Christmas-day to find nothing. But having got in and spent the day in exploration, she was gratified to discover a handsome grand piano and other trifles in the foot of it.

A Denver clergyman, on receipt of the usual half-fare pass, wrote to the superintendent: "Can not you embrace my wife also?" To which the railroad man said he did not know, but he would like to see the clergyman's wife first, as he was rather fastidious.

Men are apt to grumble because their honesty is not properly rewarded. Let them remember the case of a down East man who returned a wallet he had found, and received in acknowledgment a horse which ran away with and killed his sister.



"YOU CANT 'TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS"



WINTER IN THE NORTH.—[Drawn by Granville Perkins.]

WINTER IN THE SOUTH.—[DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.]

THE YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER.

An aged resident of Hartford remembers that the winter of 1829–30 surpassed this in mildness: farmers ploughed every month of the season, and no snow fell until February 2. The winter was followed, however, by a cold, backward spring, with a snow-storm in May, which killed the returning swallows.

As an offset to the above story, one of the old residents of Derby tells us the year 1816 is what is known as the "year without a summer." Old New England farmers refer to it as "eighteen hundred and starved to death." January was mild, as was also February, with the exception of a few days. The greater part of March was cold and boisterous. April opened warm, but grew colder as it advanced, ending with snow and ice, and winter cold. In May ice formed half an inch thick, buds and flowers were frozen, and corn was killed. Frost, ice, and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed, and fruit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts, and ten inches in Maine. July was accompanied with frost and ice. On the 5th ice was formed of the thickness of window-glass in New York, New England, and parts of Pennsylvania, and corn was nearly all destroyed in certain sections. In August ice formed half an inch thick. Corn was so frozen that a great deal was cut down and dried for fodder. Very little ripened in the New England and Middle States. Farmers were obliged to pay four and five dollars a bushel for corn of 1815 for seed for the next spring's planting. The first two weeks of September were mild; the balance of the month was cold, with frost, and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick. October was more than usually cold, with frost and ice. November was cold and blustering, with snow enough for good sleighing. December was quite mild and comfortable.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The quiet of Sunday evening, February 17, was disturbed by the largest fire which has occurred in New York city for many months. It was first discovered about seven o'clock, at which hour a sheet of flame burst from an upper window of the Excelsior Building—an immense six-story structure in West Twenty-third Street, which was built in 1870 by James H. Ingersoll, of the "Tweed Ring," at a cost of about $400,000. The prompt action of the fire companies was powerless to check the advance of the fire; not only was the whole building destroyed, but also the West Twenty-third Street Presbyterian Church and the Third Reformed Presbyterian Church. Many other buildings in the immediate vicinity were seriously damaged, but, most fortunately, no lives were lost. The conflagration was a most brilliant spectacle, and brought together an immense crowd of people. The origin of the fire is involved in uncertainty, but it is evident that the unclosed elevator in the Excelsior Building acted as a fan to the flames when once they had begun their destructive course. And yet there exists a statute forbidding hatchways, trap-doors, etc., to be left open at night. The Eighth Regiment occupied the two upper floors of the Excelsior Building as an armory, and the lower floors were used by various firms as cabinet shops and store-rooms for furniture.

It is said that the term of "sick man" was originally used with reference to Turkey by the Emperor Nicholas, predecessor of the present Czar. In 1844, while Nicholas was conversing with Sir George Seymour, the British minister, he said, "We have on our hands a sick man, a very sick man. It will be a great misfortune, I tell you frankly, if one of these days he should happen to die before the necessary arrangements are all made. But this is not the time to speak to you of that."

Some statements are made in the Portland *Argus* by Professor George L. Vose, of Bowdoin College, which, if correct, should be widely known, and if any satisfactory explanation can be made, it is due to the public. The statements are to the effect that there is an old wooden lattice bridge on the Maine Central Railroad, across the Little Androscoggin. It was built thirty years ago, and has been in a very dangerous condition for several years. The professor reported it to the Railroad Commissioners six years ago, and at their suggestion the company placed a trestle under each end, which, however, was of little or no use. In the report for 1874 the Commissioners suggested that the bridge should be removed. In the report for 1876 it is said that "it must be rebuilt the coming spring." Yet the bridge has not been replaced, and no precaution has been taken, except to put a trestle under the middle of the span. In these times, abounding with accidents and disasters, the travelling public want no doubtful bridges on their routes.

A number of gentlemen have devised a plan for establishing in the Central Park a Zoological and Botanical Garden without expense to the city. It is expected that a bill will be brought before the Legislature authorizing the Park Commissioners to place a portion of the Central Park at the disposal of the gentlemen interested in this enterprise. The following memoranda indicate the plan:

1. Capital to be not less than $200,000, to be disbursed during the first three years.
2. Admission: Sundays, free; Saturdays, free to the pupils of the public schools when visiting in a body under the care of their teachers; one day, fifty cents; other days, twenty-five cents.
3. Receipts to be applied, first, to maintenance; second, to interest at seven per cent. on stock and bonds paid for; third, the surplus, if any, to be devoted to the purchase of more animals, the improvement of the grounds, or reduction of admission.
4. The city is not to be at any expense, either for the construction or maintenance of said garden, except furnishing policemen to preserve order.
5. The city authorities to have the right to investigate the accounts of the corporation.

We clip the following from the Boston *Journal*: "In Mr. Murray's Bible class, at its last meeting, the lesson was on 'Joash repairing the Temple,' and it occurred to some one present to ask what kind of money Israel had at that time. Mr. Murray's reply was as follows: 'Your question introduces a very interesting subject. Coined money was at this time unknown. The circulating medium consisted of bits of silver that were weighed at every transaction—a very cumbrous currency, but an absolutely honest one. You couldn't get a man to take ninety cents for a dollar in those days. An accurate pair of scales can't be influenced by Congressional tactics or votes.'"

The one-horse railway cars which have been adopted on some of our city railroad lines meet with no favor among the people. In fact, every body who rides in them dislikes them intensely, and they have received the low nickname of the "bob-tailed car."

Evidence is continually developing to show that the *Metropolis* contained enough decayed timbers in her frame to make her unseaworthy. But more facts are yet to come.

The expedition around the world, organized by the Société des Voyages d'Études, in Paris, which was to have started from Marseilles last June, was postponed on account of the Eastern war. Now that peace is probable, the project is resumed. The expedition will start from Marseilles on June 15, 1878. The number of passengers is limited to fifty. The trip will occupy less than a year, and the objects are largely scientific.

"Amicable understanding," "satisfactory arrangements," "equitable division," "abandonment of lunacy proceedings," "earnest desire to sink back into privacy"—such seem to be the finale of the famous "Lord-Hicks" affair, which has so long interested the public, but which, in fact, did not concern the public in the least.

The Cunard line of steam-ships has had a most fortunate experience, an accident having rarely occurred on any of them during their whole history. But on February 8 the *China* encountered a severe gale, and a heavy sea broke over the vessel, carrying away a portion of the bridge and sweeping two officers overboard. The night was very dark, and a few minutes elapsed before the loss of the officers was known, and rescue was impossible.

The main portion of the Webster mansion at Marshfield, Massachusetts, which was recently burned, was built before the Revolution. The house was occupied by Captain Balfour, of the Queen's Guard, and his officers, previous to the battle of Lexington. Most of the plate was saved from the fire, but the beautiful collection of china was entirely destroyed.

"Hundreds of bushels" of valentines passed through the New York Post-office about the middle of February. At least such was the testimony of a prominent official, and definite statistics go to prove that he was not far from correct.

Fears are expressed by learned men, who have investigated the durability of stone monuments in Northern climates, that the atmosphere of London, damp and charged with smoke as it is, will soon damage the surface of Cleopatra's Needle, unless measures are taken to prevent this.

Victor Emanuel showed a vein of superstition when, on his arrival in Rome on June 3, 1874, he expressed a fear of passing his first night in his palace of the Quirinal. He remarked to intimate friends that he knew if he went to sleep that night in the Quirinal he would never wake. However, he went to the palace during the day, joining in festivities, and remaining at the royal ball until midnight, when he retired to his own apartment. It afterward appeared that the King's superstitious feeling had conquered. He went home with his friend Prince Doria, and in Prince Doria's magnificent home the royal fatalist passed his first night in his capital of Rome.

A section of the American Annex Building on the grounds of the Paris Exposition, eighty-two feet square, has been set apart for the exhibition of staple agricultural products of the United States. It is to have an ornate star-shaped structure erected in the centre of a circle. At each point of the star is to be a crystal pillar surmounted by a vase, and in each vase will be a plant representing a leading staple of the United States. The circle surrounding the star is to be faced with glass, in compartments, behind which are to be exhibited seeds of the various agricultural products of the United States.

A little four-and-a-half-year-old belonging to a personal friend of ours desired one day to "go out and play." His mother told him that it was not best for him to go. The child sat down in his little chair and remained silent for some minutes. Then he said, in a sad tone of voice, "Mamma, would you like to have me tell you a story?" "Yes," said his mother, "I should like to have you tell me a story very much." He began: "Once there was a little boy, and he wanted to go out and take a breath of fresh air. But his mother thought it was not best. He pleaded with her, but she thought it was not best. So the little boy was taken sick, and in less than two weeks he died." The mother was conquered, and the boy got his "breath of fresh air."

The Emperor of Germany recently had the minute details of the workings of the telephone explained to him, and expressed a lively interest in its practical utility. He jokingly remarked to the operator: "If you had employed the telephone five hundred years ago, you would have been burned as a sorcerer." Doubtless the Emperor was right.

"Pferdeschoner" is the term applied by the German inventor to an apparatus designed to diminish the fatigue of horses in drawing vehicles, and also to avoid the chances of breaking shafts and traces. The apparatus consists of an arrangement of rubber rings forming an elastic pad between the animal and the weight to be drawn, being placed between the traces and the trace hooks. The German government considered this invention of sufficient importance to order it to be tested by official experiments. The results showed that with the apparatus the initial effort was only one-third of that without it, and that afterward the strain on the horse was reduced by some fifteen per cent. Those results were solely for animals walking; in trotting, the initial effort was reduced by one-half, and the subsequent relief nearly as much as in the former case.

For something like three years past an "unpleasantness" has existed between a couple of naval officers at Exmouth, England, which had grown to be really serious. But the new year brought the matter to a happy termination, although not until it was thoroughly discussed before the magistrates of the town. It appears that once upon a time Captain Elphinstone Stone insulted Vice-Admiral Grenfell by calling him a coward, and by holding up his umbrella in a threatening manner. But the captain thought he had previously been insulted by the admiral. When summoned before the magisterial bench the feelings of the injured officers were soothed as much as possible: the one said he regretted he had given annoyance, and the other said that when a man said he was sorry, he could say no more—and so the quarrel ended.

THE CRISIS.

What think you would be the result if the earth should stop spinning around the sun? Were you ever near a large and intricate machine when one of its wheels became clogged or broken—near enough to hear the grating, jarring clash, the sudden, deafening crash? Astronomers assure us that precisely similar effects, only on an inconceivably grander scale, would be produced if our earth—one of the wheels in the universe-machine—should suddenly cease its revolutions. In other words, there would be a general clash and crash of satellites, planets, and systems. What we term financial crises are due to similar causes. One of the wheels in the finance-machine becomes clogged, perhaps shattered. The terrible Wall Street "crash" which follows is communicated to every part of the financial mechanism of the country. But analogies do not stop here. There is that other mechanism, the most intricate of all—sometimes called an organism, because it generates its own forces—the human machine. When one of its members fails to perform its office, the whole system is thrown into disorder. Members before considered unassailable break down under the unnatural pressure. The shock comes, and utter prostration is the result. Reparation can only be effected by the restoration of the impaired parts and the re-adjustment of its levers—the physical forces. There is one part of the machine more liable to disorder than any other—the liver—the great balance-wheel of the machine.

The liver being the great depurating or blood-cleansing organ of the system, set it at work and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood, and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, used daily, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, taken in very small doses, are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor, from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch, or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use the most tainted systems may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors, and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents.—[*Com.*]

Burnett's Cologne received the highest award at the Centennial Exhibition. It is filled in elegant bottles, and is for sale by all first-class Grocers and Druggists.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

50 LARGE MIXED CARDS, with name 13c.; or 40 in case 13c. Outfit 10c. DOWD & CO., Bristol, Conn.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S
(BREAKFAST)
COCOA.
Sold only in Packets labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO.,
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
LONDON.

JUST PUBLISHED.

WOODWARD'S NATIONAL ARCHITECT. Vol. 2. New and Original Designs, Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Detail Drawings to Working Scale for City and Country Houses. 100 Quarto Plates. Postpaid, $7 50.

WOODWARD'S ORNAMENTAL AND FANCY ALPHABETS. The finest work on Letters and Lettering ever published. For the use of Draughtsmen, Engravers, Architects, Engineers, Designers, Sign Painters, Embroiderers, and Schools. Eighty Quarto Plates. Postpaid, $6 00.

WOODWARD'S ARTISTIC DRAWING STUDIES. A Drawing-book for Art Students and Schools. Adapted to all ages and all conditions of progress.

HEADS, postpaid....$1 50 | ANIMALS, postpaid.. 1 50
FIGURES, postpaid ..$1 00 | FOLIAGE, postpaid.. 1 00

Or complete in One Bound Volume, Eighty Quarto Plates, postpaid, $6 00.

WOODWARD'S 75 DESIGNS FOR THE FRET-SAW. Postpaid, 50 cents.

Order by postal card. Free Catalogue of Art, Architectural, and Agricultural Books.

GEO. E. WOODWARD, Publisher,
136 Chambers St., New York.

KURTZ Portraits,
MADISON SQUARE.
BRANCH:
Old Post-Office Building,
Nassau Street.

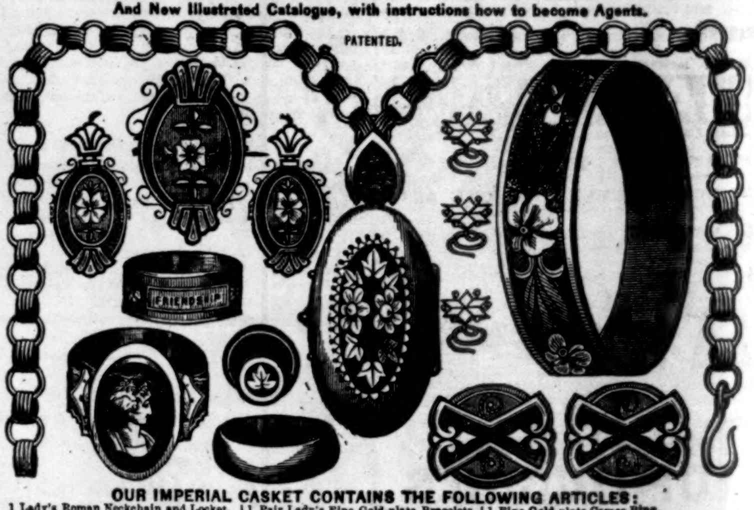
C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome St., N.Y.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

RUBBER TYPE! Cases of 125 movable letters, etc., with printing apparatus, $1 50 by mail; sample of Type and circular, 6c. Address RUBBER TYPE CO., Mallet Creek, Ohio.

PORTABILITY, combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing results of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, OCULISTS, OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

25 Fancy Cards, Snowflake, Damask, &c., no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

THE STEINAU JEWELRY CO.'S **FOR ONE DOLLAR!** IMPERIAL CASKET.
And New Illustrated Catalogue, with instructions how to become Agents.



OUR IMPERIAL CASKET CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES:

1 Lady's Roman Neckchain and Locket.
1 Lady's Fine Gold-plate Set.
1 Pair Fine Gold-plate Sleeve Buttons.
1 Pair Lady's Fine Gold-plate Bracelets.
1 Set Fine Studs.
1 Fine Gold-plate Collar Button.
1 Fine Gold-plate Cameo Ring.
1 Fine Gold-plate Ring, engr'd "Friendship."
1 Fine Gold-plate Plain Ring.

We warrant to be exactly as represented by the engravings, and to **stand the test of solid gold.**

On receipt of One Dollar we will send this grand array of elegant jewelry, securely packed in a beautiful morocco casket, to any address, **by mail or express, free.**

Having one of the Imperial Caskets in our possession we must say the articles are very pretty, each particular piece being equally as good as are sold in the city jewelry stores.—Editors Home and Farm.

When we say the articles of jewelry contained in the Imperial Casket are beautiful, and marvelous, at the price, we speak from actual knowledge.—Cincinnati Times.

The most wonderful collection of jewelry we have ever beheld for $1.—Boston Globe.

An honorable house, entitled to the confidence of their patrons.—Christian Advocate.

The responsibility and standing of the Steinau Jewelry Co. is unquestionable.—Tappan, McKillop & Co.

STEINAU JEWELRY COMPANY, No. 5 Arcade, CINCINNATI, O.

FOR ALL LUNG TROUBLES, as well as Complaints of the Throat, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is certainly a palliative and often a curative, as the testimony of thousands and its world-wide reputation attests. For Coughs or Colds no surer or more effective remedy can be found.

Rogers' Statuary.

$10 and upward.

"The Traveling Magician."

Price $15.

Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application, or will be mailed, by enclosing 10 cents to

JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway, New York,
Corner 27th Street.

GAS WORKS.

FOR SALE LOW, a COAL GAS WORKS, of 2 benches and 2 retorts, capable of furnishing from 7000 to 8000 cubic feet of gas per day. Apply to

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FREE
TO ALL
D.M.FERRY&Co's
ILLUSTRATED
DESCRIPTIVE AND PRICED
SEED ANNUAL
for 1878

Will be mailed FREE to all applicants. It contains colored plate, 500 engravings, about 150 pages, and full descriptions, prices and directions for planting over 1200 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Roses, Etc. Invaluable to all. Send for it. Address

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

BEWARE of COUNTERFEITS & IMITATIONS!

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent,
P. O. Box 1029. No. 78 John St., N. Y.

KEATING
79 ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES are daily recommended for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c., by the Faculty. Testimonials from the most eminent may be seen. Price 50 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.
N. B.—They contain no opium, or preparation thereof.

TRADE MARK. **E. FOUGERA & CO.,**
New York, Special Agents.

EMPLOYMENT.

I want **1000** agents to canvass for the **Complete Herbalist.** I will give such terms and furnish such advertising facilities that no man need make less than $200 per month and all expenses—no matter whether he ever canvassed before or not. Address **DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, 21 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.,** and full particulars will be sent by return mail.

BUSINESS, PLEASURE, MEN, BOYS.

CAXTON PRESS,
Self-Inking, only $14.
COLUMBIAN PRESSES, Self-Inking, from $27 to $60; will do the work of a $250 Press. Presses from $3 50. Stamp for catalogue. CURTIS & MITCHELL, 15 Federal St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

Harper's New and Enlarged Catalogue

WITH A COMPLETE ANALYTICAL INDEX,

sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS

Illus. Catalogues & Lectures. 3 Books, 25c.
Circulars Free. Outfits Wanted.
MAGIC MUSICAL CABINET. Everyone a Musician. } *THEO. J. HARBACH,* 809 Filbert St., Philad'a, Pa.

MUSICAL NOVELTY OF THE AGE.

SENT FREE on application—BRIGGS & BRO.'S Flower and Vegetable Catalogue. Our large crops enable us to **SELL SEEDS LOW.**
ROCHESTER, N. Y., or CHICAGO, ILLS.

ESTABLISHED 1840.
IMPROVED FIELD, MARINE, OPERA, AND TOURIST'S GLASSES.
Spectacles and Eye-Glasses. Artificial Human Eyes. H. WALDSTEIN, Optician, 545 Broadway, N. Y. Catalogues mailed by enclosing stamp. Highest awards from all the World's Exhibitions.

TUBULAR BOW SOCKETS FOR TOP BUGGIES

25 **Fashionable Cards,** no two alike, with name, 10c. postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a salary of **$75 per month** and expenses to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address L. S. SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

EPILEPSY or FITS CURED!

by Dr. Ross' Epileptic Remedies. Trial Package Sent Free. Cures speedy, absolute and permanent. Address ROSS BROS., No. 519 Main St., Richmond, Ind.

25 **Snowflake Assorted Cards,** with name, 10c. Outfit 10c. Seavy Bros., Northford, Conn.

RED BIRDS $3 00 a pair; male $2 00. Address J. S. Garetson, Harviell, Butler Co., Mo.

25 CARDS, 25 styles, 10c.; or, 20 Chromo Cards, 20c., with name. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

1000 GOLD WATCHES to be given away. Particulars for stamp. Address Hill & Co., Ashland, Mass.

65 **Mixed Cards,** with name, 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts Outfit, 10c. L. C. COE & CO., Bristol, Conn.

Latest, Cheapest, and Best.

HARPER'S GEOGRAPHIES.

A Complete Course in Physical and Political Geography in Two Books.

	Mailing Price.	*Introduction.*	*Exchange.*
Harper's Introductory Geography - -	**$0 70**	**$0 45**	**$0 37**
" School "	**1 46**	**94**	**75**

☞ **Harper's Geographies are the result of the best professional skill and experience, and embody the true spirit of reform in geographical teaching. They have received the unqualified endorsement of the public press and of many prominent educators.**

ADOPTION BY THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

The following Report on the subject of School Geographies is the result of a careful examination and comparison of the different books published on this subject.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON TEXT-BOOKS AND APPARATUS.

To the Board of Education of the City of Grand Rapids:

Your Committee on Text-Books and Apparatus report that they believe a change in text-books for the study of geography is desirable, and they recommend the introduction of Harper's Introductory Geography and Harper's School Geography in the place of those now in use, and for the following reasons:

Harper's Introductory Geography is, in the judgment of this committee, better suited in its plans for the class of learners for whom it is designed than any other work they have examined. The book is attractive in both its matter and the manner of its treatment. The narrative form in which the subject-matter is presented is well calculated to stimulate the learner; and the questions, with appended answers, which closely follow each short narration (a peculiar feature of the work), and which draw from the narrative the most important points, seem well calculated to fix these points in the minds of the pupils. And this object is further secured by maps and illustrations, well suited to the work.

The book is aptly arranged to facilitate the labors of the teacher, and without a severe taxing of resources, but with a moderate amount of supplemental work, more can be accomplished than with any other book with which your committee are acquainted.

Harper's School Geography, the second and last of the series, is a work complete in itself, and designed for more advanced pupils.

The geography of commerce is given a fair degree of prominence, as it deserves, in view of the importance of commerce in its relations to the conflicting interests and the mutual dependencies of nations.

Physical geography is presented sufficiently to show its relations to the political divisions of the earth, and it is made the basis of a division of the States of our own country into groups, with special reference to the productions and industries of the various sections. These groups are separately considered, and accompanied with suitable maps and illustrations.

The maps are well executed, and, by an ingenious use of types and colors, a great degree of distinctness is given to important places and objects. The letter-press is especially fine, as all work emanating from this publishing-house is known to be.

The binding of the books is superior to any of this class of books that your committee have seen.

Finally, these books are established at as low a price as that of any others of the same rank. Their introduction can be effected at special rates, so that a great saving will accrue to those buying at these rates.

All of which is submitted.

H. PALMERLEE, } *Committee on Text-Books and Apparatus.*
J. C. PARKER, }

Grand Rapids, Mich., *Feb.* 2, 1878.

On motion, the Report of the Committee recommending the introduction of Harper's Geographies was adopted.

From the Grand Rapids Daily Eagle, Feb. 4, 1878.

In making the change in Geographies, not only the committee, but members of the Board individually have given the matter much close attention, going far to show a lively interest in details of instruction.

Since the change in these text-books was proposed, the *Eagle* has also taken pains to examine the competing Geographies, and is able to agree fully with the points of superiority in the Harper's Geographies, so clearly set forth in the report, prepared mainly by Trustee Palmerlee, of the committee, himself an able and veteran educator. Trustees Shinkman, Parker, and others of the Board, also entered into an elaborate comparative examination of the merits of the several Geographies offered, and all agree as to the superior merits of "Harper's."

From the Grand Rapids Daily Democrat, Feb. 5, 1878.

A strong report in favor of Harper's Geographies was submitted by the committee on Text-Books, at the Saturday night meeting, and adopted with enthusiasm by a full Board.

These Geographies have been prepared with great care and skill. They give the "latest news" on this subject. The matter is well selected, systematically arranged, and treated in a clear, practical, and attractive manner. We notice that the *commercial* and *industrial* features of countries receive just and proper attention. With these books, geography is no longer a dull, dry story, but one full of interest and real profit.

In print, paper, maps, binding, illustrations, they are marvels in the art of making school-books.

We believe our Board of Education deserves the thanks of the public for the time and care given to this matter before ordering a change. The people are to be congratulated in being able to secure such excellent books on such terms as have been obtained in the introduction of Harper's Geographies.

A catalogue and descriptive circulars of our school and college text-books will be mailed free to any teacher or school-officer on application. Correspondence regarding books for examination, terms of introduction, etc., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

MINTON'S TILES,

Hand-Painted and Decorative. Also, The Campbell Brick and Tile Co.'s Historical, Biblical, Husbandry, Elfin Tiles. Copeland's, and other Manufacturers.

ANDERSON MERCHANT, & CO.,
53 Broadway, New York.

Remit 15c. for Illustrated Sheet.

PORTLAND

Roman and **Keene's Cements.** Remit 40c. Postage Stamps for complete Treatise and Circular. **S. L. MERCHANT & CO.,** 53 Broadway, N. Y.

CARDS 25 no two styles alike, with name, in superb Morocco Case, 16cts. 7 packs, 1.00. Best lot ever offered. All say "More than pleased." Agents wanted. Catalogue and samples 3c. J. A. Merrill, Fulton, N. Y.

TRIX, Novelties, Notions. Illustrated Catalogue free to Agents. Boston Novelty Co., Boston, Mass.

$40 A WEEK. Catalogue and Sample Free. FELTON & CO., 119 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$1200 **Salary.** Salesmen wanted to sell our Staple Goods to dealers. No peddling. **Expenses paid.** Permanent employment. address S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—Men in each State for the Detective Service and to report crime. Pay liberal. Inclose stamp, and address American and European Secret Service Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

$350 **A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—36** best selling articles in the world; one sample *free.* Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

BIG 84-page Picture Book, **free.** My plan beats all to make money. Is easy, honest, and pays you $10 a day. DAVID C. COOK, Chicago, Illinois.

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses selling to DEALERS **CIGARS** SAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to insure answer. S. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. *Sample Watch Free to Agents.* Address, A. Coulter & Co., Chicago.

$2500 a year. Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. Worth & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By John Richard Green, M.A., Author of "A Short History of the English People," "Stray Studies from England and Italy." In Four Volumes, 8vo. Vol. I.: Early England, 449–1071.—England Under Foreign Kings, 1071–1214.—The Charter, 1209–1291.—The Parliament, 1307–1461. With Eight Maps. Vol. I. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

II.

CONSTANTINOPLE. By James Bryce. 32mo, Paper, 15 cents.

III.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY. By Simon Newcomb, LL.D., Professor, U. S. Naval Observatory. With One Hundred and Twelve Engravings, and Five Maps of the Stars. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

IV.

THE SPANISH ARMADA FOR THE INVASION OF ENGLAND. 1587–1588. By Alfred H. Guernsey. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents.

V.

DANIEL THE BELOVED. By the Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City; Author of "Peter the Apostle," "David, King of Israel," "Elijah the Prophet," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

VI.

FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT MOLTKE'S LETTERS FROM RUSSIA. Translated from the German by Grace Bigelow. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

VII.

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME: the Testimony of an Eye-Witness. By Victor Hugo, Author of "The Toilers of the Sea," "Ninety-Three," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

VIII.

CYPRUS: ITS ANCIENT CITIES, TOMBS, AND TEMPLES. A Narrative of Researches and Excavations during Ten Years' Residence in that Island. By General Louis Palma di Cesnola, Mem. of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Turin; Hon. Mem. of the Royal Society of Literature, London, &c. With Portrait, Maps, and 400 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, Extra, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $7 50.

IX.

THE ART OF BEAUTY. By Mrs. H. R. Haweis. Illustrated by the Author. Square 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental Cover, $1 75.

X.

THE KHEDIVE'S EGYPT; or, The Old House of Bondage Under New Masters. By Edwin De Leon, Ex-Agent and Consul-General in Egypt. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

XI.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN OF ALL TIMES AND NATIONS. With Tables of Factory and Artists' Marks, for the Use of Collectors. By William C. Prime, LL.D. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $7 00. (In a box.)

XII.

MACAULAY'S ESSAYS: [32mo, Paper.]
John Milton—Lord Byron. 25 cents.
John Hampden—Lord Burleigh. 25 cents.
The Earl of Chatham. 25 cents.
William Pitt. 25 cents.
Samuel Johnson, LL.D. 25 cents.
Frederic the Great. 25 cents.
Lord Clive. 25 cents.
Warren Hastings. 25 cents.
The Life and Writings of Addison. 25 cents.
Sir William Temple. 25 cents.
Machiavelli—Horace Walpole. 25 cents.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

⁂ *These Novels are in Paper Covers, except where otherwise specified.*

Back to Back. By Edward Everett Hale. 25 cents.

The Last of the Haddons. By Mrs. Newman. 25 cents.

Two Tales of Married Life. Hard to Bear. By Georgiana M. Craik. A True Man. By M. C. Stirling. 30 cents.

An Open Verdict. By Miss M. E. Braddon. 35 cents.

Da Capo. By Miss Thackeray. 20 cents.

Shepherds All and Maidens Fair. By Walter Besant and James Rice. 25 cents.

My Lady's Money. By Wilkie Collins. 25 cents.

Poor Zeph! By F. W. Robinson. 20 cents.

A Jewel of a Girl. 35 cents.

Young Musgrave. By Mrs. Oliphant. 40 cents.

Green Pastures and Piccadilly. By William Black. 50 cents; 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

A Young Wife's Story. By Harriette Bowra. 25 cts.

A Modern Minister. With Illustrations. Vol. I. 35 cents.

What He Cost Her. By James Payn. 40 cents.

Erema; or, My Father's Sin. By R. D. Blackmore. 50 cents.

The Sad Fortunes of Rev. Amos Barton. By George Eliot. 20 cents.

Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. By George Eliot. 20 cents.

Janet's Repentance. By George Eliot. 20 cents.

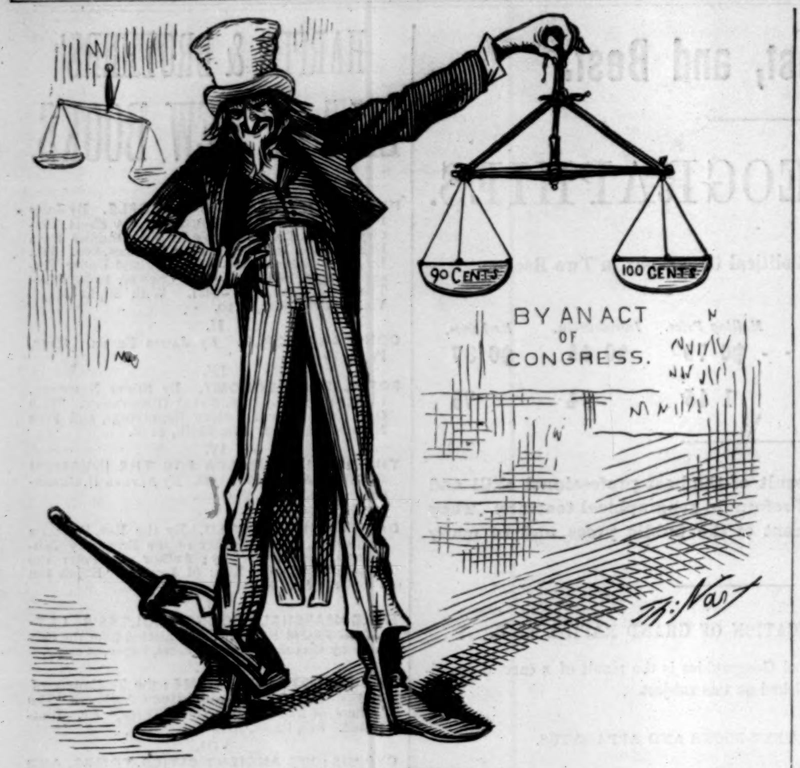
Marjorie Bruce's Lovers. By Mary Patrick. 25 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail (excepting the larger works, whose weight excludes them from the mail), postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

MONEY. **$5 to $20 a day to Agents,** with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Full particulars free. S. M. Spencer, 112 Washington St., Boston.



SCALY JUSTICE.
Smart Uncle. "There is no difference."

WORTHINGTON & SMITH
Have Removed to 636 and 638 Broadway
(Near Bleecker Street).
THE LARGEST AND MOST DESIRABLE STOCK OF
MILLINERY GOODS
TO BE FOUND IN NEW YORK CITY.

H. W. JOHNS' PATENT.
ASBESTOS MATERIALS.
Paints, Roofing, Steam Pipe and **Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathings,** *Fire, Acid,* and *Water-proof Coatings, Cements,* &c. Send for Samples, Illustrated Catalogues, Price-Lists, &c.
87 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

PIANOS. **The $900 Piano offered by a country dealer in Jersey for $260 is made in this City, and same kind will be sold by WATERS & SONS, 40 East 14th St., N. Y., for $230 cash. Also WATERS' celebrated PIANOS & ORGANS at reduced prices for cash. Send for catalogues.**

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

DICK'S **TASTELESS MEDICINES. For Sale by all Druggists.**

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO'S
Organs and Melodeons.
The oldest, largest, and most perfect manufactory in the United States. Between
57,000 and 58,000
Now in use.
No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity. Send for Price-Lists.
Two new styles just out.
Address BUFFALO, N. Y.,
U. S. A.

BEATTY
Beatty's popular plan, viz.: **A $650** Piano for **$175; $340** Cabinet Parlor Organ for only **$95,** &c. **WARRANTED FOR SIX YEARS** and sent on **15 DAYS' TEST** trial. Address DAN'L F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U.S.A.

GREEN'S ENGLISH PEOPLE.

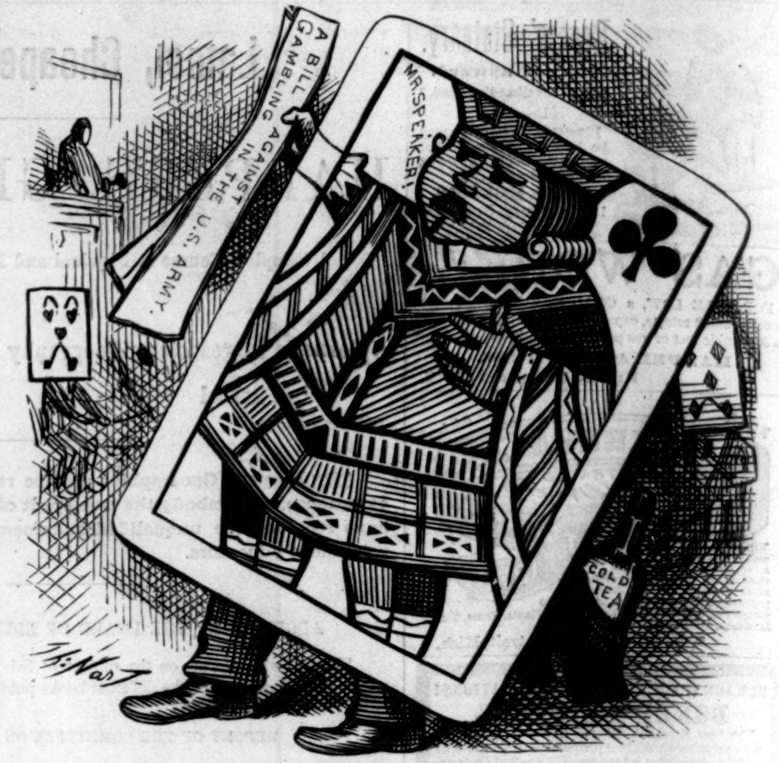
History of the English People. By John Richard Green, M.A., Author of "A Short History of the English People," "Stray Studies from England and Italy." In Four Volumes, 8vo. Vol. I.: Early England, 449-1071.—England Under Foreign Kings, 1071-1214.—The Charter, 1209-1291.—The Parliament, 1307-1461. Vol. I., with Eight Maps, 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

It is not only in the addition of new matter that this edition differs from the former one. The whole book is rearranged, its plan is made more systematic, the narrative is more continuous, the style is chastened, errors are corrected, many of Mr. Green's peculiarities in the division of his subject have been abandoned, and the whole book wears a greater aspect of sobriety and maturity both of thought and style. * * * Mr. Green has done a work which probably no one but himself could have done. He has read and assimilated the results of all the labors of students during the last half century in the field of English history, and has given them a fresh meaning by his own independent study. He has fused together by the force of sympathetic imagination all that he has so collected, and has given us a vivid and forcible sketch of the march of English history. His book, both in its aims and in its accomplishment, rises far beyond any of a similar kind, and it will give the coloring to the popular view of English history for some time to come.—*Examiner*, London.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.
Absolutely Pure.
The leading American Powder. Uniformly pure and reliable. Full weight and full strength. Made from standard Grape Cream Tartar, and perfectly wholesome. All Grocers authorized to guarantee it. The "Royal Baker," the most perfect Baking Powder Cook-book in the world, sent for 10 cents.
Address **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.**


A BILL GAMBLING AGAINST THE U.S. ARMY.
MR. SPEAKER!
COLD TEA
Th: Nast

A GAME OF BLUFF.

R. CAMPBELL, Manufacturer & Importer of **Fine Saddlery,**
No. 54 Fourth Avenue, New York.

A splendid opportunity to acquire a valuable and convenient library at an insignificant outlay of money.—Boston Transcript.

Harper's Half-Hour Series.

A VALUABLE LIBRARY:

ROMANCE, BELLES-LETTRES, HISTORY, FINANCE, DOMESTIC SCIENCE, BIOGRAPHY, &c.

50 ENTERTAINING VOLUMES FOR $10.

15 CENTS EACH.
The Turks in Europe. By Edward A. Freeman.
Kate Cronin's Dowry. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

20 CENTS EACH.
Thompson Hall. By Anthony Trollope. Illustrated.
Oliver Cromwell. By Knatchbull-Hugessen.
Diendonnée. By Geraldine Butt.
The Time of Roses. By Geraldine Butt.
The Jilt. By Charles Reade. Illustrated.
The Mill of St. Herbot. By Katharine S. Macquoid.
The House on the Beach. By George Meredith.
Percy and the Prophet. By Wilkie Collins.
Jews and their Persecutors. By Eugene Lawrence.
Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton. By George Eliot.
Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. By George Eliot.
Janet's Repentance. By George Eliot.
Poor Zeph! By F. W. Robinson.
Spanish Armada for the Invasion of England.
Da Capo. By Miss Thackeray.
The Bride of Landeck. By G. P. R. James.

25 CENTS EACH.
Tales from Shakespeare. Comedies.
Tales from Shakespeare. Tragedies.
When the Ship Comes Home. By Besant and Rice.
Early England. By Fred. York-Powell.
England a Continental Power. By L. Creighton.
Rise of the People. By James Rowley.
Tudors and the Reformation. By M. Creighton.
Struggle against Absolute Monarchy. B. M. Cordery.
University Life in Anc't Athens. By W. W. Capes.
Primer of Greek Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
Primer of Latin Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
Primer of Mediæval Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
Peter the Great. By John Lothrop Motley.
Cooking Receipts. From *Harper's Bazar.*
Virginia. A Roman Sketch.
The A B C of Finance. By Simon Newcomb.
Warren Hastings. By Lord Macaulay.
Life and Writings of Addison. By Lord Macaulay.
Lord Clive. By Lord Macaulay.
Frederic the Great. By Lord Macaulay.
The Earl of Chatham. By Lord Macaulay.
William Pitt. By Lord Macaulay.
Samuel Johnson. By Lord Macaulay.
John Hampden—Lord Burleigh. By Lord Macaulay.
Sir William Temple. By Lord Macaulay.
Machiavelli—Horace Walpole. By Lord Macaulay.
John Milton—Lord Byron. By Lord Macaulay.
My Lady's Money. By Wilkie Collins.
Shepherds All and Maidens Fair. Besant and Rice.
Back to Back. By Edward Everett Hale.
David's Little Lad. By L. T. Meade.
Moltke's Letters from Russia. Tr'd by Grace Bigelow.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *A complete set of the above fifty volumes will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of Ten Dollars.*

The volumes sent separately at their advertised prices, postage free.

$1.00 for 10 cents!
A fact, that *many* jobs of printing can be done with an Excelsior Portable Press for *ten cents on a dollar of printer's prices.* **Card and Label Press, $3.00.** Illustrated Catalogue of all sizes, six cents.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Jos. Gillott
STEEL PENS.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.
91 JOHN ST., N. Y. JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.

Lantern Slides and Lanterns.
The Largest Stock in America, at Low Prices.
"Wilson's Lantern Journeys" describes 800 beautiful places and things, $2.
"The Magic Lantern" (Monthly), $1 a year. Three Catalogues, 25 cents. Centennial Exhibition Views, 10 Gems of Photographic Art, 8 x 10 size, made for *Harper's Weekly*, $7. **EDWARD L. WILSON,** Proprietor Centennial Photo. Co., 116 N. 7th St., Phila.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

FOR 1878.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " "	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " "	4 00
The THREE publications, one year	10 00
Any TWO, one year	7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year	20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Number for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft,** to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Bound Volumes of the Magazine, each volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume in Cloth, or $5 25 in Half Calf, sent by mail, postage paid. A complete Analytical Index of the first fifty volumes, from June, 1850, to May, 1875, inclusive, is now ready. Price, Cloth, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 25.

Bound Volumes of the Weekly or Bazar, each containing the Numbers for a year, will be furnished for $7 00 each, freight (if not exceeding one dollar a volume) paid by the Publishers.

There are 55 volumes of the Magazine, 21 volumes of the Weekly, and 10 volumes of the Bazar now ready.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of Harper's Weekly and Bazar render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the Weekly, Outside Page, $4 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the Bazar, $1 00 a line: Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

ONCE.

ONCE it was only "soft blue eyes,
  And fair hair golden in the sun;"
Once it was only "violet"—
  Of all the flowers the chosen one.
I learned to think 'twas only I
  Of whom, 'mongst all, his heart made choice;
I learned to think his ear could catch
  No melody save through *my* voice.

What caused his violet to fade?
  Was it because his love grew chill,
And sought a flower of brighter hue
  To woo and bend to his wild will?
For, wearying of the "soft blue eyes
  And golden hair," he turned from me,
And then I learned how sad a thing
  Love maimed and stricken sore could be.

And she who drew his fickle glance
  Away from me had been my friend!
Ah, well! however bright life's sky,
  Its blue must some time find an end.
Love's lesson is so sweet to learn,
  Perchance we con it overwell,
And whether it mean joy or pain,
  No heart, till it has learned, may tell.

His tongue has lately sung the praise
  Of "raven tresses, Southern eyes;"
The cherished rose blooms brightly on,
  While the neglected violet dies.
O heart! what lot hath fall'n to thee
  For one brief season of delight!
Lover and friend have taught thee well
  That brightest day must yield to night.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A Shadow on the Threshold.

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "UNDER THE WILL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN I join father again he is still at his close examination of the accounts, and the strange man has not returned. While I gently draw the books away, and coax him from this futile work, I am aware that some one enters the room behind me, and comes up to father's side. I know Mr. Carden's step, and I remember how he had said he should come in and bid us all good-by. So, feeling what a cold and comfortless departure this must be for him, and also how important that we should not detain him for fear of the bailiff's return, I turn at once from father, and smile a sort of welcome for this poor and solitary young lodger of ours.

But the smile dies a sudden death on my lips, my hands seize on father's chair, and there comes a sudden pain across my forehead, in this new intense surprise. It is our lodger who comes up to father's side, and yet it is not. It is some one I have seen before, and yet a stranger. A small old gentleman, with thin gray hair and blue eyes—like father's own; and a pale earnest face—like father's own! The familiar quiet room reels round me, and two voices—both familiar quiet voices—seem to reach me from a long, long distance.

"Dolf!"

"Steve!"

"Am I dreaming, Dolf?"

"No, I am come back—to be forgiven—brother Steve."

One day, thousands of years ago, two brothers met again, who had parted years before in anger; and when the younger fell upon his brother's neck and kissed him, they both wept. Remembering this, what brothers now—even though their hair is white, and a woman present—need feel it shame to meet again with tears and kisses?

"Steve"—it must be a long time afterward, for the words are distinct in my ears now, and the two faces clear before my eyes—"you have more to forgive than that cruelty and injustice of twenty years ago. You have this last deception to forgive me. I will explain that, Steve, presently, when I have told you of my coming home. It is only lately that my eyes were first opened—so completely had Murray duped and blinded me—to the real nature of that so-called friend who had monopolized the place of my own brother. But after having been warned once, and having detected the selfish, mercenary motive, it was very easy to read a course of lies and deceit. While we had been out in Australia together, the capital I took (leaving you penniless, Steve, as I remember only too bitterly) had made us both rich men. Murray needed my co-operation no longer, so did not care to guard the deception, or with any care disguise his selfish, grasping nature. At any rate, it all grew so plain to me, that I was lost in wonder how I could *ever* have been blinded by his lying misrepresentations—as we do wonder, you know, Steve, when the scales have fallen from our eyes. I knew then how I had been duped, how entirely from the first the fault had been on my side—never on yours. How could I ever have doubted this, remembering our youth together, and your denying, patient, trustful nature? I had believed the falsehoods that were invented of you. I had suspected and misjudged you. I had said and done most hard and cruel things. What wonder if I felt that you could never forgive me, that you never *ought* to forgive me? But—but, Steve, when I saw you again, when I heard again the old gentle unsuspicious tones, I knew I could ask even *that* from you. We were lads together, Steve, and for the sake of that time, and the dear memory of the mother who loved us both so equally, you—will forgive me."

There is a little silence, while father stands with both his hands in his brother's, gazing at him wonderingly, seeing his face, I think, only among the mists and memories of twenty years.

"Now, Steve, for this later fraud. My fortune was won when I first had my eyes clearly opened to Murray's motives and conduct, but I knew I could not enjoy it unless I came to England to share it with you, in the old home, which, years before, I had bought back. But as the old stories had been disproved only by my own heart, I made a plan—not in suspicion, Steve, only in a solitary man's longing to find you what I remembered you as a boy, and what I had lately loved to fancy you as a man, growing old like myself—to see the life you had led, and *would* lead, before knowing your brother had come home rich, and you need work no longer. *You* could never understand that cowardly longing, Steve, because it could only belong to a solitary man who had made himself no home ties, and had been cruelly deceived by the only man he ever took to be his friend. So—this longing being so very strong upon me—I resolved to test you first. And I did; only to find my brother just what I could remember him—generous, self-denying, unsuspicious even in his poverty. Even your children, Steve"—he looks at me now, glad, I think, to turn his eyes a moment from father's agitated face—"have won my heart for their own sakes, by showing me what they too could be to a stranger who threw himself upon their charity and compassion, without a shadow of claim. The man whose escape you planned so kindly, Jean, that he might elude the law, is as grateful to you as if he had really been in terror of it. The poor young lodger, who has lived on your charity from day to day, is as thankful as if he really had had nothing else to hope for. The solitary fellow who spent so many hours in a cold and lonely room feels your hospitality as gratefully as if he had had no other home to go to. But let me explain the fraud. It is such a relief to speak without a lisp, and I am not afraid of your recognizing your brother's voice *now*, Steve.

"As I had determined, if possible, to prove the falsehood of those lies under your own roof, you may imagine I was delighted to see that you had rooms to let. I made Jean promise to keep them for me, on an uncertainty, and then I sent to tempt you with three times the sum you had asked, with the certainty of letting the rooms for a permanency, and with an offer you could have safely closed with in that very hour. But you had promised, and the promise was sacredly kept.

"I came and staid week after week, without paying—I, who had no claim upon you! Just because I was poor—you thought—and solitary, you gave me shelter and warmth and kindness, ay, and even food too, however little you might have among yourselves. Steve, never once, either from yourself or from your children, have I heard any thing but what was generous and compassionate.

"Jean, I tempted you most of all, through that printed bill, offering you a sum which would have lifted all trouble from your young head, my child, and from your father's drooping one. My little girl, I must own that after that fraud (when I had skillfully and purposely betrayed to you whom you were harboring, and then had put into your very hand the offer of one hundred pounds) I did indeed fear. But what need had I to fear from those whose charity is that which thinketh no evil?

"I saw the crisis coming for you, Steve, and I could even wait for *that*. Never could you guess how hard this was to do, while I lived among you all, unknown, taking of the little that you had, and myself making you poorer day by day. No, you could never understand any thing of this. You could never know the misery it was to me to see you leaving home day after day (you, whose resting-time should have come, Steve) to seek work, for which the spirit was so willing, but the flesh so weak. And coming home each evening, jaded and disappointed, yet always trusting for the morrow, always patient over the wasted day.

"Still I held back, for I—I had others to test too. I saw your children here at home denying themselves, and working untiringly all day, that there might be no privation and no dulness when you came; working without even one murmuring or covetous word. And then, Steve, I saw the brave young fellow who loves your daughter preparing day by day to leave her, and trying to bear *this* bravely too. And even he was never suspicious of me, though of all the household he was the only one I feared—he, with his straightforward, truthful gaze. It was he I was testing most, Jean; but—never mind that. He shall know how—presently.

"Then, Steve, you can never guess the pain it was to me to hear the complaints and reproaches of my sister—*my* sister as much as yours, though I never gave her a home, and the care you gave her. And to hear you so patient with her, all of you; so more than patient, making her always the first person in your house.

"Well, Steve, I waited for the crisis, as I said, and now it has come. The man your landlord sent is paid, and has left the house for good. Your other debts shall be all settled to-morrow, and you and I and—and *our* children will go down to the old home to recruit. I have it ready, and there we will rest together, and the two lads who bear our names, Steve (for twenty years I had not felt such a throb of joy as when I heard you call your boy *Dolf!*), shall grow up there, and work out the old projects we made together so many years ago. And no stranger, please God, shall ever sow ill-will between them. They will have to go to school, I suppose, presently, but Lottie shall be taught at home. We can not spare both our girls, for I have not lived in the same house with them for a month, Steve, without feeling what that old home will be with them about it.

"And, Jean, though Philip will want to take you away, dear, he will not need to take you far. I bought that Worcester appointment for him, as soon as he told me of his disappointment. I paid the sum the advertiser required, and he put a man in temporarily for four weeks. It is ready for Philip, and he will be near us, Jean. And so when he takes you, dear, he will not take you far, and we shall see you both forever. How could we spare you otherwise?

"Steve, look up, dear old fellow, and show me you are glad that there is such a life in store for us all—a life that can never again be darkened by debt, or cramped by poverty, or saddened by disagreement. And, Steve, I am waiting for you to say you forgive me for this fraud."

"It is like a dream, Dolf. I—I am afraid of waking."

"Yet to me," my uncle says, his gay tones almost as unsteady as father's, "sleep seems ten thousand miles away, and— Ah!"

The surprised exclamation may well break off his speech, for there beside him stands Aunt Charlotte, in her dressing-gown, upright and angry.

"What are *you* doing here?" she asks, looking rigidly at my uncle. "Are you another man put into possession? Go away for to-night. I have a valuable garnet brooch, and I will give it you, if you will leave him in peace for to-night. He is not well, and he is very tired, and always good to others. The garnets cost a great deal of money once. Will you go? Why should his home be made so miserable to him to-day? Why should— Why— Where have I—seen you—before?"

The fixed stern gaze upon her face has grown to one of troubled eagerness; her breath is coming in quick, short gasps.

"Charlotte, do you forget me? I never deserved to be remembered, I know, yet Steve knew me in a moment."

She gives a cry which I know to be of joy; but then—poor Aunt Charlotte, she has borne so much to-day, and is but weak at best!—she would have fallen, I think, but that I catch her in my arms.

CHAPTER XIV.

"DOLF"—Aunt Charlotte has wakened to consciousness, and looks up pitifully at my uncle, while father stands chafing her hands—"I have been very hard with Steve, and with his motherless children. And it's too late now."

"Not too late, my dear," he answers, in the very cheeriest way. "Both you and I have time before us to undo the wrong we have done."

Lottie has come down now, and is in the wildest state of joy, kissing, first father, and then Uncle Dolf, and then putting her radiant laughing face close to mine, and making me burst into laughter too. Then Philip comes, and Uncle Dolf tells his own story to him.

Philip's joy seems to dazzle me, and makes me very shy and quiet, thinking for how long this happiness and content has been a stranger to him, and yet how carefully he hid from me his heavy despondency.

"Shall I give you back your Liverpool ticket?" my uncle asks him, with a final grip of his hand, and a warm, amused look up into Philip's face. "I have it here. I'm very glad not to be any longer in terror of meeting your frank, shrewd gaze. Jeanie, can you guess what I suffered on that Saturday afternoon at the museum, while I nipped and snapped, and tried to tempt you from your fealty to each other? What an impossible effort it was!"

"But how—"

"Oh, don't ask me any questions," he pleads, though he looks delighted at our great amazement. "I can not explain. I have other lodgings, Jeanie, as you are guessing, and I went there (a hansom travels faster than two young lovers walk), and changed my dress, and was in the museum before you—very tired of it too that day, I remember. And after you had left, I had time to drive back, and be at the spot where you met me—your solitary, shy young lodger. You thought me a bookworm that day, didn't you? Ah! well; you forgive the old man now—all of you, I see. He has been a sneak for a long time, and—and only a Jesuit, perhaps, would tell him the end will justify the means. Jeanie, you have most to forgive, after your father."

"Oh, uncle," I cried, with both my hands in his, "what a happy night this is!"

"Jeanie," Philip whispers, coming up to me (as I kneel at the neglected fire) with the bellows, which he has just fetched from the kitchen, "there lives no happier fellow in the world than I. At the very darkest moment the joy came. Oh, my love, what a lesson to me never utterly to despair! What happiness there is in your dear face to-night!"

"Philip, blow scientifically if you possibly can—and from the bottom—then there will be a glorious fire in five minutes' time."

I don't think men are, as a rule, very clever at blowing fires, but Philip does his best; and presently the waves of light glide up and down the walls, to the slow regular music of his bellows; and when the fire is what he modestly calls "perfection," he jumps up and helps Lottie and me to lay a sort of impromptu supper. Then he goes up with Uncle Dolf to his old room, and comes down carrying unexpected relishes, which Uncle Dolf has, it seems, prepared for to-night. Then I go up to fetch the little boys, who are still awake, and Philip follows—to fetch me, as he says, and—and— Ah! what can I say more of that happy night? It is all so sweet to me, that I may easily say too much.

* * * * * * *

One moment more.

I listen to the dear bright voices talking of that happy home which is to be father's, and one near it which is to be—mine.

I see Aunt Charlotte's unusual smile, and that gladness of Lottie's which is so really child-like, yet so unfamiliar to her.

I see the little boys laughing and clapping their hands, with eyes as wide and bright as if it were morning instead of night.

I see Uncle Dolf restless in his great delight, going from one to another of us, with bright loving words, but always going back to father's side.

I see father—no, I never see *him* quite properly that night, because my eyes are so ridiculously dim; but I feel his gentle kisses, when the night is over, and I hear him telling Philip—

No matter! Philip surely knows that *only* by my great love for him can I ever feel worthy to be his wife.

THE END.

SOME SLANG PHRASES.

THE word slang had a very low origin. It was derived from the Norman *slengge-or* (slang or insulting words), and this, when connected with the Latin word *lingua* (tongue), signified the bad language our forefathers supposed the gypsies indulged in. It then became synonymous for every word used in a thief's vocabulary; but as both gypsies and thieves are not without a great deal of mother-wit, the word slang, originally their property, was borrowed from them by their respectable neighbors, and applied to all phrases of a pithy and familiar nature, whether coarse or refined, that expressed in one or a few brief words a definite, unmistakable meaning, which brought a picture before the mind, and there fixed the impression it was desired to convey.

The origin of some of these phrases is curious and interesting. Take, for instance, the familiar expression, "You can not say Bo! to a goose." How often have we relieved our feelings of irritation at the weakness of others by hurling this phrase at them! Had they only known its origin, they could have paid us back in our own coin, and made us feel very small indeed. But though we almost hesitate to arm them with a weapon which they may turn against ourselves, we must be conscientious, and do what we have undertaken. The story is this: When Ben Jonson, the dramatist, was introduced to a nobleman, the peer was so struck with his homely appearance that he exclaimed, "What! you are Ben Jonson? Why, you look as if you could not say Bo! to a goose." "Bo!" exclaimed the witty dramatist, turning to the peer and making his bow.

From geese we pass on to cats, which are very emblematic in slang, and in the phrase, "Letting the cat out of the bag," we are reminded of its thievish ancestry. "It was formerly a trick among country folks to substitute a cat for a sucking-pig, and bring it in a bag to market. If any greenhorn chose to buy a pig in a poke—that is, a blind bargain without examining the contents of the bag—all very well; but if he opened the sack, 'he let the cat out of the bag,' and the trick was discovered." And so the phrase passed into common use as applying to any one who let out a secret. "Who will bell the cat?" became another popular phrase, and is taken from the fable of the cunning old mouse who suggested that they should hang a bell round the cat's neck, so that due warning might be had of her approach. The idea was approved of by all the mice assembled; there was only one drawback to it—who was to hang the bell round the cat's neck? or, in shorter words, who was to bell the cat? Not one of them was found ready to run the risk of sacrificing his own life for the safety of the others, which is now the recognized meaning of the proverb. "Fighting like Kilkenny cats," is another slang simile, taken from a story that two cats once fought so ferociously in a saw-pit that they left nothing behind them but their tails—which story is an allegory, and supposed to represent two towns in Kilkenny that contended so "stoutly about boundaries and rights to the end of the seventeenth century that they mutually impoverished each other."

"Draw it mild," and "Come it strong," have their origin in music, being the terms used by the leader of an orchestra when he wishes his violin-players to play loud or gently. From this they have passed into synonyms for exaggerators or boasters, who are requested either to moderate their statements or to astonish their audience.

"I have a bone to pick with you," is a phrase that is uncomplimentary to the ladies at starting. It means, as is well known, having an unpleasant matter to settle with you; and this is the origin of the phrase. "At the marriage banquets of the Sicilian poor, the bride's father, after the meal, used to hand the bridegroom a bone, saying: 'Pick this bone, for you have taken in hand a much harder task.'" "The gray mare is the better horse," comes well after this last aspersion upon the fair sex, to show that woman is paramount. The origin of this proverb was that a man wished to buy a horse, but his wife took a fancy to a gray mare, and so pertinaciously insisted that the gray mare was the better horse that her husband was obliged to yield the point. But then, no doubt, he saw that she was right in the end, and in all probability boasted afterward of *his* selection.

"To be among the gods," at a theatre, is a common phrase applied to those who are seated near the ceiling, which in most theatres is generally painted blue, to represent the sky, and inhabited by rosy-faced Cupids sitting on clouds.

"First catch your hare," is the result of a mistake. It was supposed to be in a cookery book written by a certain Mrs. Glasse, and was evidently caught hold of by some wag, who read it for, "First scatch or scradge your hare," that is, skin and trim it—an East Anglian word; or else, "First scotch your hare before you jug it," that is, cut it into small pieces, as the sentence, as it is now quoted, is nowhere in the book. But the wag was a clever one who gave it the precautionary turn, as the phrase has done good service in warning many to secure their prize before they arrange how to dispose of it.

"WRECK IN THE OFFING!"—SCENE IN A LIFE-SA

STATION.—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.—[SEE PAGE 204.]